

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE

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Signor Pais, Director.

The King.

MONARCH AND DICTATOR: KING EDWARD VII. BEFORE THE STATUE OF JULIUS CÆSAR AT THE NAPLES MUSEUM, APRIL 24.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NAPLES.

The spot where the King is depicted is rich in treasures of ancient art, notably the Farnese Bull by Apollonius and Tauriscus of the Rhodian School. It represents Dirce bound to the horns of a wild bull by Athene and Zethus. To the left is the bust of the King, and to the right is the bust of Signor Pais, Director of the Museum.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Long live the friendly nation!" That was the popular cry at Naples when King Edward was there. The Italians have a good memory; it cannot be reproached with "benefits forgot." Rome has rejoiced to behold the Sovereign of the people who gave shelter to illustrious sons of Italy ever so many years ago. There is still a harvest of gratitude from the seed that was sown with so little calculation then. It is almost embarrassing to have our good deeds remembered with this emotion so soon after the time when we were vociferously told by some of our own kin that we had not a friend among the nations of the earth. In Paris, some discontented politicians, prompted, it may be, by a whimsical suggestion from London, have pictured the Champs Elysées thronged by a hundred thousand English to welcome the King. Paris, say these patriots, must stand disdainfully aside while the invaders seize the Arc de Triomphe to adorn a British festival. Now you know why so many of your friends have lately disappeared. They have been masquerading as Neapolitans and Romans and Parisians, after truly heroic efforts to acquire a perfect Italian or French accent.

What great mind conceived the idea of sending three Army Corps of such accomplished persons to fill the streets of foreign capitals? It could not have originated at the War Office. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain had the inspiration when he called on the Portuguese Governor at Madeira. You may be sure that the hundred thousand did not travel at their own expense. The Government must have found the money, and yet Mr. Ritchie is able to take fourpence off the income-tax. Whence came this stream of unscrupulous British gold for a project truly Macchiavellian? M. Rochefort will tell us presently that it was supplied by the Jews as a small acknowledgment of our sympathy with M. Dreyfus. And yet the good people of Rome, who offered King Edward those charming symbols of the poetry and fertility of Italy, were taken in; and it is even doubtful whether more than three persons in Paris believe the story. Such is the subtlety of British guile, although we are always complaining that our rulers are so short-sighted!

Some of us are haunted by the demon of misquotation. A correspondent at the Hague courteously reminds me that I lately turned Byron's description of the *Quarterly*—"So savage and Tartarly"—into "So savage and slaughterly." 'Tis true, and the perversion has not even the doubtful merit of freshness. I have caught it from some earlier offender. There is nothing to be said, except that "Tartarly" does not rhyme with *Quarterly*, as Byron intended that it should, unless, in his day, "quart" was made to rhyme with "tart." Perhaps it did. Anything was possible to the pronunciation of our tongue when "lilac" was called "laylock" by the educated, and when a gentleman, looking for a chair, would ask, like the old Vice-Chancellor in Mr. Pinero's comedy, "Are there no cheers?" But "slaughterly" does not rhyme with *Quarterly*, except for a Cockney ear, and I hope my Dutch correspondent does not accuse me of that! He tells me he has a high admiration for Byron, and I am glad to know it. But what will he say to a champion of Wordsworth who has lately described people afflicted with indifference to that poet as fit only to read "Byron and Mr. Kipling"?

A man may be annoyed by an article, said Byron, but "he should not permit himself to be killed by it." My Dutch friend (if I may presume to make friends with a reader at the Hague) will take the eminent Wordsworthian's gibe in this spirit. Byron further remarked that when he read an unpleasant article in the *Edinburgh Review* about his work, his mood was "rage, resistance, and redress, not despondency and despair." We can better that example. Why rage at a critic who, by way of indicating his scorn for your literary taste, brackets Mr. Kipling with Byron? I should as soon think of quarrelling with the delightful new student of Shakspere, who tells us that Ben Jonson was "just the kind of man" to conspire with Bacon in a *suppressio veri*. That has not been Rare Ben's character hitherto; but it seems that he is convicted of very shifty behaviour in a totally different matter by a document which, says the delightful new student, is "too long to quote." Moreover, "one of Bacon's favourite literary devices was the *suppressio veri* combined with the *suggestio falsi*"; therefore it is all the more credible that he wrote Shakspere. You must believe my client, argues this persuasive advocate, because he was a consummate liar, and a subornor of liars.

Moreover, he reveals himself plainly in "The Rape of Lucrece." The first word of the poem is "From," the fourth, "Ardea," and the first word of the second

line is "Borne." Here you detect his name: "Fra. B."—Francis Bacon! Even more conclusive are the last two lines—

The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Banishment, con-sent, spell Bacon! So they do, after a fashion. But he is a poor scholar who cannot match this, and beat it hollow. I open the "Sonnets" at random, and take No. CXIX., of which the first line runs thus—"What potions have I drunk of Siren tears." Observe at once three capital letters, I. W. S. I, William Shakspere. I, the Siren Shakspere! Of course, you spell his name as you please. Nor is this all. Shuffle the letters of this line, and you get this significant sentence—"W. Shakspere's notion of thunder." By the same pleasing method, which is worthy of a prize competition, you may prove out of Shakspere that he wrote all the books in Christendom.

I have a letter from a gentleman who tells me that he is not competing for the prizes offered by the *Times* to purchasers of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." "But," he proceeds, "I notice with concern among the advertised list of competitors a chiropodist, a dentist, a peer, a wine-merchant, a Rear-Admiral, and a Judge. Is it possible that these people can discharge their important duties efficiently when their minds are absorbed in the most intricate course of study prescribed by Printing-House Square? Can your chiropodist attend properly to your corns if his thoughts are wandering through the mazes of the 'Encyclopaedia'? Flippant persons may say that a peer can answer the questions of the *Times* even when he is sitting in the House of Lords. Sir, I am not of that opinion. But will you let a dentist experiment with your most troublesome and least accessible molar if you have reason to believe that he is a competitor? Can you trust your wine-merchant's judgment if you know that he has laid down a heady vintage of erudition in five-and-thirty volumes? Ought an Admiral to put to sea in a costly battle-ship with all that ballast, or a Judge to try a case with his head full of conundrums that need the application of logarithms to geology? How can you feel sure of your tradesmen, of the milkman or the grocer? I have addressed a circular letter to mine, at any rate, stating that I shall cease to deal with them unless they furnish me with certificates, witnessed by the local clergy, tax-collectors, and fire-insurance agents, that they are not engaged in this intellectual steeplechase." I print this with regret; for I fear my correspondent is doing much to discourage the spread of knowledge.

Mr. Tree proposes to establish a dramatic school in London, and to organise a company with a Shakspere repertory for the country. Excellent projects both, which will be watched with sympathy by everyone who cares for the drama. It is possible that they may eventually give us (with the help of private munificence) that repertory theatre which is the dream of enthusiasts. I see that a dreamer in New York proposes to endow a national theatre by inducing 3600 subscribers to take two seats, at eight shillings each, for the first performance of every new play. He proposes to give ten new plays in the first season, and to increase the number in later seasons until he has a new play every night. If this romantic project could be carried out there would be no lack of funds. In our stagnant isle a theatrical manager is lucky if he can produce ten new plays in as many years. But I have no doubt that the resources of the American railways will be taxed to carry the new plays that will speed to New York from all parts of the Republic. This part of the enterprise is comparatively simple. With a sufficient staff of actors the manager will raise the curtain nightly on something original and thrilling. But will the subscribers be able to stand the thrills? I foresee a struggle between the enormous productive capacity of America and her nervous system. New York will not monopolise the output; every city will demand its new play every evening punctually at eight o'clock; and every subscriber will take a dose at bed-time of some patent preparation of poppy or mandragora, warranted to brace the mind for the next dramatic shock.

His exceptional opportunities for studying his subjects at first hand account, in great measure, for the charm of the biographical sketches which Mr. Bryce has just published. When an eminent Liberal writes a book of essays which opens with an appreciation of Disraeli, and ends with a panegyric of Gladstone, the reader is inclined, perhaps, to expect that the greatest fairness of view will be found in the studies which stand between the two sentinels of the volume. But it would be difficult to say that Mr. Bryce has in any way permitted party bias to affect his acute inquiry into the principle underlying the characters of Beaconsfield and Gladstone. All the studies are fresh, and many have the charm of intimacy. Most whimsically characteristic is the sketch of Dean Stanley. Of the two Greens, T. H. and J. R., the philosopher and the historian, he writes with illuminating sympathy.

## PARLIAMENT.

To a delighted House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced a surplus of £10,816,000, a good two millions more than any other expert had anticipated. That the income-tax would be reduced was well known. Mr. Ritchie had been entreated to take off threepence. He staggered optimism by taking off fourpence. Having still a couple of millions to play with, he abolished the corn tax. This, he said, was a tax on a necessary of life; it was inelastic, and it lent itself very readily to misrepresentation. For the next financial year he expected a revenue of £144,270,000 and an expenditure of £143,954,000, leaving a balance of £316,000. Sir William Harcourt said there was a dangerously small margin. He objected strongly to the disproportionate remission of direct taxation, and, while rejoicing at the abolition of the "infamous corn tax," taunted the Government with their change of front. Last year they had held that the corn tax was necessary for "broadening the basis of taxation," and he supposed they had been converted by the bye-elections. Mr. Chaplin inveighed against the removal of this tax as "an act of financial folly," and suggested that the Government were "riding for a fall." Mr. Gibson Bowles saw no fall, but scented a dissolution. In reply to Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Ritchie maintained that the pressure of indirect taxation was no greater relatively than when his critic had charge of the national finances.

A debate on the licensing question was raised by a Bill introduced by Mr. Butcher, who proposed that compensation for the extinction of licenses for other reasons than that of misconduct on the part of the licensee-holder should be provided by the liquor trade. The Bill was resisted by the Opposition, partly on the ground that it was unnecessary, as compensation might be left to the trade itself, and partly because it was not in the interests of temperance reform. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain supported the principle of compensation without any reference to the details of the Bill, which was read a second time by a majority of 133.

Mr. Asquith moved a vote of censure on the Government for the refusal of the Board of Trade to intervene under the Conciliation Act between Lord Penrhyn and his quarrymen. Mr. Gerald Balfour replied that there were no compulsory powers in the Act, and that Lord Penrhyn had plainly refused to accept any intervention. Much of the debate related to the alleged attempt of the quarrymen to usurp the management of the quarries. It was contended by the Opposition that the men had no such aim, and demanded no more than the concessions as to trade organisation which had been made by other employers. The vote of censure was rejected.

In the debate on the second reading of the London Education Bill it was urged upon the Government by speakers of all shades of opinion that, as the central education authority, the County Council must be master in its own house. Mr. Balfour intimated that the Government had no objection to increase the power of the Council in the composition of the Education Committee.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

The opening performance of the Ring Cycle at Covent Garden took place on the evening of April 27, when "Das Rheingold" was presented. The musical and histrionic honours lay with Mr. Van Dyck, whose interpretation of Loge was admirable in point of subtlety and lightness. The other parts were adequately sustained. Herr Krasa made a powerful Alberic, and M. Bertram a dramatic Wotan. Of the ladies, Fräulein Fremstad, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and Fräulein Zimmerman sustained the leading parts with address. Of "The Ring" and its elaborate scenic innovations we reserve detailed criticism until the first cycle has been completed. But the preliminary play gave ample earnest of fine success. Under Dr. Richter the orchestra did wonders.

## "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

A warm welcome is always assured for any musical comedy bearing the sign manual of Messrs. "Owen Hall" and Sidney Jones; for these are practised workmen who, together or apart, have been responsible for the most popular of recent go-as-you-please entertainments. But neither the librettist nor the composer of "An Artist's Model" and "The Geisha" appears quite at his best in their latest collaboration. The success of "The Medal and the Maid" is due mainly to the delightful vivacity of Miss Ada Reeve, and all that matters is that this exquisite artist is able, as a fashionable schoolmistress, located at Cannes and transferred to a brigand-ridden Greek island, to fascinate her audience and to sing inimitably a quartette of sprightly chansonnieres. What was the "Medal" and who was the "Maid" of the title, are questions of small moment; it is enough that some confusion is caused by a romantic schoolgirl and a persecuted flower-seller changing identities, and that Miss Ruth Vincent of Savoy fame, and Miss Sylvia Sablanc, a pretty brunette and an agreeable contralto,

divide these rôles and the vocal honours. The cast also includes Miss Ada Blanche and Mr. Robert Hale, both called upon to represent amusing parvenus, and Mr. Norman Salmond and that "polite lunatic," Mr. J. E. Sullivan, but neither baritone nor comedian obtains much chance. The composer, of course, has turned out plenty of lively dances, neat songs, and clever choruses; but his score has not the daintiness of his "Lady Molly." Apart, indeed, from the performers, the chief credit for the acceptability of the new Lyric play must go to the designer of the costumes, which make as handsome and harmonious a picture as any seen lately in a London playhouse.

#### THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION—"THE GOOD HOPE."

Quite the most powerful and interesting play which the Stage Society has presented this season was offered last Monday afternoon in "The Good Hope" of Hermann Heijermans, a Dutch dramatist who is presumably young and inexperienced. Presumably, because the piece, while realising perfectly, impressively, the atmosphere of a Dutch fishing-village wherein "men must work and women must weep," has all the crudity, the excess of detail, the absence of artistic selection—all the faults characteristic of a brilliant novice who would pack all he has ever known and seen and thought into his first "opus." Hence a prolixity of talk and incident, a lack of concentration of interest, a melodramatic extravagance, and a partisan bias such as rob of due effect his tragedy of the drowning of the sailors who embark on the rotten boards of *The Good Hope*. But the atmosphere, the environment of peasant poverty and anxiety and grief, of peasant bereavement and resignation and dulled sensibility, is wonderfully reproduced by the author, and makes the hearer forget the play's technical defects. Such forgetfulness was the more easy at the Imperial Theatre because Heijermans' peasants found admirable interpreters in such artists as Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. O. Clarence, Miss Margaret Halstan, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and, best of all, Miss Rosini Filippi, now proved an actress of rare emotional force.

#### THE KING'S PARIS QUARTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS." With the exception of the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares, England, as a nation, never made a better bargain than when, a little less than ninety years ago, she allowed Wellington to buy the Charost Mansion in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, which at present is better known as the English Embassy. The purchase-price was £24,000. At a rough guess, it would nowadays realise ten times the sum; but the Faubourg Saint-Honoré then was not anything like the present semi-aristocratic quarter, and the Duchesse de Guastalla, otherwise Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's favourite sister, was no doubt pleased to have the money at a period when it was by no means certain that the Bourbons would not confiscate every cent as well as every scrap of property belonging to the members of the fallen dynasty.

The Hôtel Charost—to give it its orthodox French, but utterly inappropriate English appellation—is essentially fit for a princely residence, or, at any rate, for a princely town-house, and when King Edward fills it this morning (May 2) with his suite and retinue of servants, it will for a short time reassume the animation it showed during part of Louis Philippe's reign and the Second Empire, but which it never showed before or has shown since. It was planned by Mazin, the architect of Louis XIV., for one of the King's former tutors, the Duc de Charost, but at a time when every noble had ever so many hangers-on, and constitutes one of the two oldest structures of the Faubourg, the Presidential palace (Elysée Bourbon) being the other. The Elysée Bourbon, however, has always—or, at least, from shortly after its completion—had the advantage of being kept up from the royal or State exchequer. After the Comte d'Evreux came Madame de Pompadour, who in reality made it what it still is—the magnificent dwelling, the cost of maintaining which so greatly worried that very frugal bourgeois, Jules Grévy, and notably his wife. Madame Thiers, who, in the matter of splitting farthings could have given Madame Grévy points and beaten her, also worried; her husband always pacified her, during the few days between the beginning of 1871 and 1873 that they occupied the palace, by promising her that the accounts should go to the public audit. And they did, even to the outlay of the brooms and washleathers, not to say dusters, which accounts will be found one day by document-hunters, and published with papers of a similar kind emanating from Louis Philippe; for the Prince who gave his name to the Citizen Monarchy was a downright French citizen in his penury. To keep up the place, even semi-adequately, the Duc and Duchesse of Magenta spent a considerable amount of their private resources. Their successors, down to M. Emile Loubet, managed to make both ends meet, although I fancy that M. Félix Faure, who was an "expensive Herr," had a difficulty in that way.

Thus much for the palatial dwelling which shares with the English Embassy the distinction of being the oldest building in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and which is but a stone's-throw from it. The Embassy labours under drawbacks of hugeness even more than the Elysée Bourbon; for, unfortunately, since the conclusion of the Franco-German War, English Ambassadors have rarely been called upon to give important entertainments, and the vast apartments are consequently white elephants. The Throne-room, which was constructed and decorated subsequent to the completion of the mansion, but after the original plans of Mazin, is a marvel of elegance. "So is a modern battle-ship a marvel of engineering craft," said Lord Lyons; "but a ton of coals goes nowhere with it." And on another occasion: "The only use we seem to have for it is as a sprinting-ground for Malet and his terrier." One day when the Rev. Mr. Howard Gill was talking to his Excellency, and they did not get farther than the said Throne-room, the latter compared the cleric to St. John the Baptist. "He has been preaching in the wilderness," he said. For his Lordship was very careful with his own pennies, but still more careful with the pennies of the State.

After Lord Lyons there was a little more life in the place, but—I am writing this on my own responsibility—I am afraid that the English Embassy in Paris is too huge for its purpose. I have just read that its doors are being repolished and its walls cleaned, and I am really wondering what could have necessitated the outlay. King Edward is the first English Sovereign to take up his quarters at the Charost mansion since it became the property of the English nation. In 1843, when Queen Victoria paid her visit to Louis Philippe, she never got farther than Eu, and in 1855 she was the guest of Napoleon III at St. Cloud. Sir Edmund Monson is the ninth Ambassador of the Court of St. James to France, since the restoration of the Bourbons, the number of French Envoys to England being four times as many. During that period there has really been, from my point of view, only one "festive" representative of England—by which I mean a representative whose social entertainments imparted an air of gaiety to the splendid pile—and that was Lord Normanby, 1846-51, who spoke execrable French, and detested the then newly elected President of the Republic, who subsequently became Napoleon III. He meddled with French home politics, but, in spite of all this, was an admirable host, and took away from the English the Froissartian reproach, "qu'ils s'amusent moult tristement"; in which exploit he was admirably assisted by the Marchioness, and more than admirably by Lord Brougham. The latter, in fact, appears to have been the accredited low comedian of the Embassy. His French was quite as shaky as that of his Ambassadorial host, and used to inspire the second Madame de Flahault, the wife of one of the two score of French Ambassadors whom we have had here, with terrible apprehensions; for she was an Englishwoman, and particularly sensitive with regard to any ridicule incurred by such a pre-eminent countryman of hers as Brougham; and "with him," as Princesse de Lieven had it, "you never knew what might come next."

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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING'S TOUR.

It was with general regret that Malta took leave of his Majesty on the morning of April 21, and the islanders, British and native born, combined to bid him the heartiest of farewells. Cheers for the King mingled with the peal of bells and the boom of cannon as the royal yacht cast off from her moorings and headed for the shores of Italy. At half-past four the same afternoon the yacht reached Sicily and put into Syracuse, but his Majesty did not land. By way of Messina the voyage was continued on the 22nd to Naples, where the squadron arrived on the following day. Rather dreary weather robbed the entrance into the bay of its spectacular significance, but through the rain appeared a formidable array of Italian war-ships assembled to do honour to the friendly monarch. Almost as soon as the yacht had come to anchor the Duke of Braganza and the Duke of the Abruzzi went on board to pay their respects to King Edward. They were followed by a special mission from the King of Italy. As the official landing was not to take place until the 27th, his Majesty remained incognito, and occupied his time with private engagements, including a visit to the Royal Palace of Caserta, whither he was accompanied



BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL IN ITALY: KING EDWARD AND THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AT NAPLES.

by the Queen of Portugal and her sons. He also visited the Opera. On April 24 his Majesty paid a visit to the Naples Museum, under the guidance of Signor Pais, the accomplished Director of the Institution. His Majesty paused long in contemplation before the statue of Julius Caesar, which was presented to the Museum by the late Pontiff, Pius IX. Close to the Caesar stand many other remarkable examples of antique sculpture, notably the famous Farnese Bull. This powerful and pathetic group belongs to the fifth period of Greek sculpture and is the work of Apollonius and Tauriscus, artists of the Rhodian School who flourished about a century before the beginning of our era. The composition represents Amphion and Zethus binding Dirce to the horns of a wild bull in presence of their mother, Antiope. The work may possibly be a copy, but it is a superb example of the school to which it belongs. April 27 brought splendid weather for the journey to Rome. On landing from his yacht, en route for the railway station, his Majesty was publicly received by the Italian Royal Mission and the Neapolitan officials. The train conveying his Majesty left Naples at 9.36 in the morning amid a popular ovation, and three o'clock saw an entry into the Italian capital which was little short of a triumph. Rome had put forth her utmost of artistic effort to decorate her streets, and the general effect produced by the designs of Signor Cifariello and Signor Mataloni was nothing short of superb. Everywhere in the scheme appeared symbols of the friendship of Italy and Great Britain. At the railway-station King Victor Emanuel welcomed King Edward and drove with him to the Quirinal through streets lined with an enthusiastic populace who greeted the visitor with true Italian fervour.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT STEEPELCHASES AT NORTHAW, APRIL 25: THE HEAVY-WEIGHT HUNTERS AT THE SECOND JUMP.

Secretary's spirit into his own department, among other things establishing an advisory Agricultural Council and annexing the Fisheries. The late President of the Board of Agriculture, who was born on Feb. 24, 1845, first entered Parliament as member for Tamworth in 1872, and has since had a public career sufficiently stormy to cause him more than once to contemplate the abandonment of politics. After holding his first seat for six years, he was for a further two years member for North Staffordshire. Then, after a break of five years, he was elected member for Preston, a constituency he continued to represent until his death. At the time of the sudden collapse of Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895 he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and, representing the Post Office Department, had a good deal to do in connection with the Post Office telephone service. Mr. Hanbury was appointed President of the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet, in 1900.

## THE ROYAL MARINES' MEMORIAL.

In his capacity as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines, the Prince of Wales formally unveiled on April 26 the memorial erected by members of that corps to the memory of their comrades who fell in the recent wars in China and South Africa. The customary military honours were rendered to his Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Princess, by a guard, representing the Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth Divisions of Marine Infantry and the Eastney Division of Marine Artillery, each man of which had seen service either in the Far East or the South. The statue, which is the work of Mr. Adrian Jones, stands in the triangular enclosure near Spring Gardens, just behind the new Admiralty buildings near the Horse Guards' Parade



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO ROYAL MARINES WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA AND CHINA.

## THE LATE MR. HANBURY.

By the death of the Right Hon. Robert William Hanbury, M.P., on April 28, the Cabinet loses one of its most useful and enthusiastic members. Confessedly a follower of Mr. Chamberlain's methods, Mr. Hanbury sought to infuse some of the Colonial

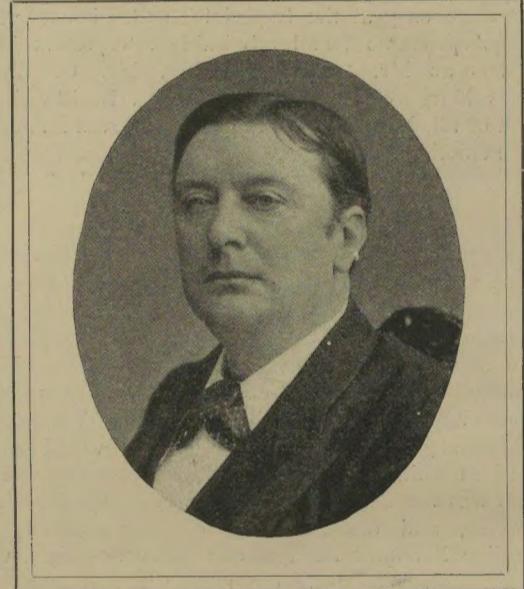
## THE STOCK EXCHANGE STEEPELCHASES.

The Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Steeplechases attracted a large gathering to Northaw on April 25. Victory in the race for the Heavy-Weight Challenge Cup fell to Mr. C. A. Grenfell's Elvery. For the Farmers' Race Mr. Coggins' Grasshopper was the winner, and Mr. Bulteel's Goldfinch carried off the Light-Weight Challenge Cup; while Uphantes, the property of Mr. J. E. Stevens, was the fortunate mount in the Open Point-to-Point Race.

## THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON "VANDALISM."

"Much ado about nothing" would seem to be the true Shaksperian verdict on the heart-burnings which have arisen over the question of "vandalism" about to be committed at Stratford-on-Avon in the removal of two cottages near Shakspeare's birthplace. On another page the whole question has been discussed pictorially and in notes by Mr. H. Snowden Ward, the author of "Shakspeare's Town and Times." From these our readers will form their own opinions, and the following particulars, which Mr. Ward sends us, will aid in making the position

clear: "If the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, or any other body, contemplated the atrocities charged against them—i.e., the removal of houses on which the eye of Shakspeare rested, and so forth, I would



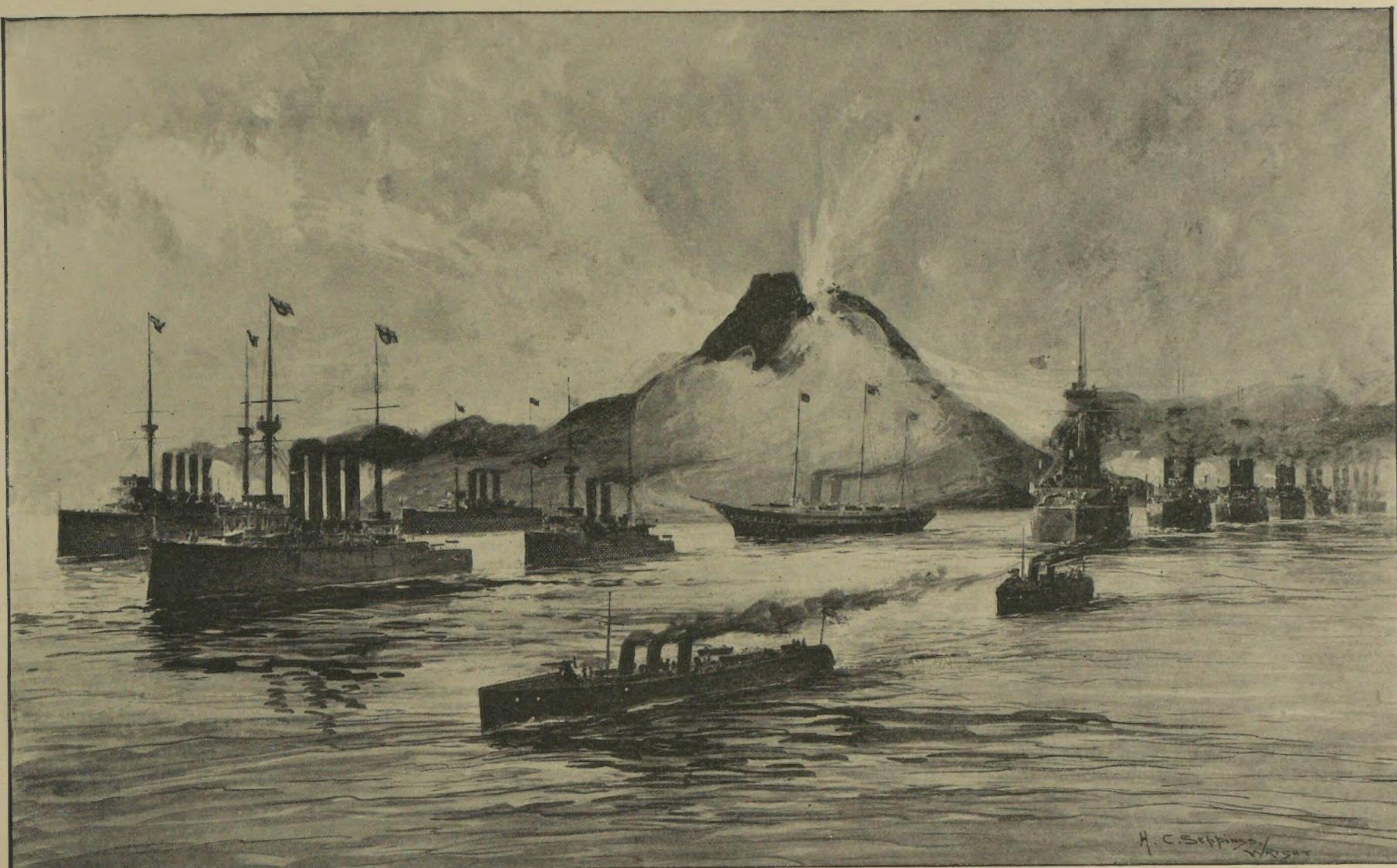
THE LATE MR. HANBURY, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

protest as strongly as anyone. But no corporation has contemplated any such thing. There is a proposal to pull down four cottages in Henley Street, all of them belonging to the later half of the nineteenth century, and two of them built within the memory of present inhabitants of the town. They are of the humblest, plainest style of their period, are not even built of old bricks, and have no timber in their construction. Two of them are unsafe for habitation, because the back part of their roofs has slipped, thrusting out the upper part of the walls until it overhangs some sixteen inches, and may fall at any time. It is further proposed to pull down the custodian's house, built in the grounds of Shakspeare's birthplace about 1860, when the birthplace was being restored. This custodian's house includes a portion converted from a stable of but little earlier date. The effect of removing these buildings will be greatly to increase the size of the garden of Shakspeare's house. Its frontage will be doubled—increased from about thirty-five feet to about seventy feet. In addition to the places to be pulled down, there is a china-shop, with a mean brick front of the later half of last century, which it is proposed to include in the new library buildings, after restoring it as far as possible. Parts of this house are of great age, for it was built before Shakspeare's time; and it would be a pity to destroy them if they can be preserved; but it will be seen by reference to the copy of Mr. Edgar Flower's sketch, made before the controversy was begun, that it was marked to be preserved. If it really contained the timber-work suggested in the sketch, the Library Committee and members of the Town Council would be only too delighted to preserve it. The copy of Mr. Flower's sketch shows

Aboukir.

Vindictive.

Diana.



Bacchante.

Bat.

His Majesty's Yacht.

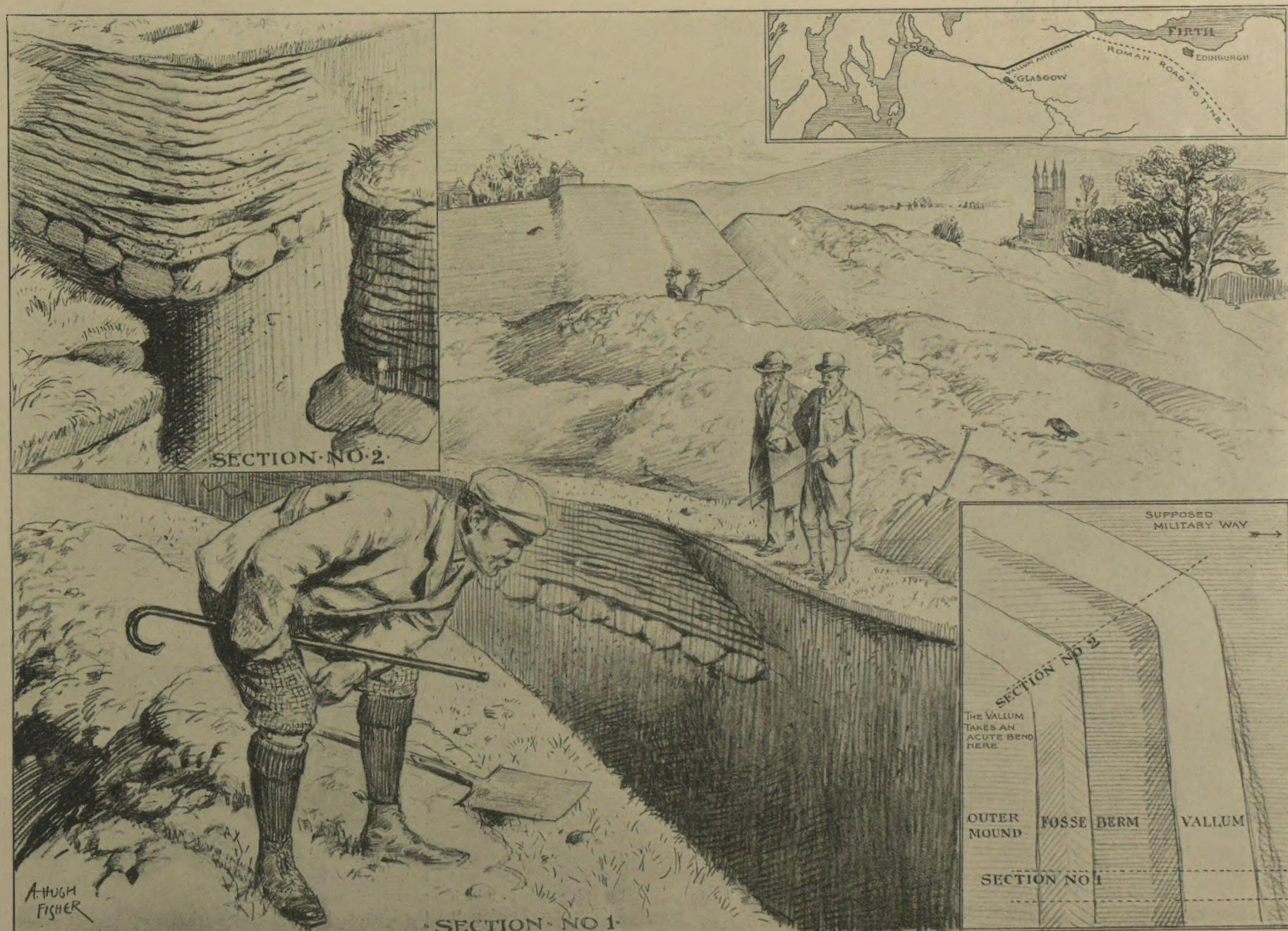
Stag.

Battle-Ships.

THE KING'S TOUR: A VOLCANIC WELCOME FROM STROMBOLI, APRIL 23.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

As the King passed Stromboli the weather was clear. The volcano, however, was active, and welcomed his Majesty in its own particular fashion.



THE WALL OF ANTONINE: EXCAVATIONS NOW IN PROGRESS AT HILLFOOT, BEARSDEN, DUMBARTONSHIRE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

SECTION NO. 1.—This section showed thirteen layers of turfing above the stone base. The base of the Vallum measured fifteen feet in diameter. Beyond the hillock of excavated earth may be seen a very fine example of the Vallum, also berm, fosse, and outer mound. SECTION NO. 2.—Cross section showing fine remnants of turfing and stone foundation. At this section there were fourteen layers of turf, the black lines, finely and plainly indicated, proving that the sod was the unit of construction. These excavations were visited on April 25 by the Glasgow Archaeological Society.

that the original suggestion gave no excuse for the idea of a 'great modern library building to overshadow the modest home of the poet.' As the existing cottages are modern, and bad, the choice lies between repairing

followed. The Bishop, in replying to a toast proposed by the Mayor, stated that he had chosen St. George's Day for his enthronement less for its suitability than for the fact that it suggested to their mind the thought of the

whole people of England. He spoke also of his youth, not, however, apologising for it, for he would give it with all devotion and strength of body and mind to the service of the Church and people in the diocese. Among those who attended the functions were Lord Winchester, Lord Aberdare, and Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie.

#### THE VILLA MEDICI CENTENARY.

To Colbert, the great Minister of Finance of Louis XIV., the French Academy owes its foundation. One of the few institutions of the ancient régime which survived the Revolution, the Academy has had since its creation an outpost in Rome, first in the Capranica Palace, then in the Mancini Palace,

and finally in 1803 in the Villa Medici. There those fortunate students of the Beaux Arts who win the blue ribbon of the curriculum, the Prix de Rome, pursue their quest of fame under the happiest circumstances. Not the least delightful part of their work is the facility of open-air study, the models posing against the effective architectural and natural backgrounds afforded by the Villa and its gardens. Musicians as well as artists sojourn there, inspired by the memory of their great predecessors, among whom were Berlioz, Bizet, Gounod, and Massenet. On April 18 was celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the installation of the Academy at the Villa Medici.

#### CASUALTIES IN SOMALILAND.

The serious reverse to the flying column under Colonel Plunkett reconnoitring west of Galadi, in Somaliland, was unfortunately attended by serious loss of life. Of the officers reported killed—Colonel Plunkett, Captains Johnston-Stewart, Olivey, Morris, Mackinnon, Vesey, and Sime, and Lieutenants Gaynor and Bell—Major (local Lieutenant-Colonel) Arthur William Valentine Plunkett was gazetted to the Manchester Regiment in 1888, and served in the Miranzai Expedition of 1891; the Campaign of the North-West Frontier of India of 1897 and 1898; the Malakand, Mohmund, and Tirah Expeditions; the Bazan Valley operations of 1897; and the Gambia Expedition of 1898. In March of the following year he was appointed to the King's African Rifles. Captain J. Johnston-Stewart, who was born in 1871, joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in October 1891, and served in the Indian North-West Frontier Campaign and the Ashanti operations. He joined the K.A.R. in March 1899. Captain Herbert Charles Vesey received his commission as Lieutenant in the Lincolnshire Regiment on Nov. 25, 1885, was afterwards transferred to the 2nd Sikh Infantry, and took part in the Burmese Expedition of 1887 and 1888.

Captain H. E. Olivey was thirty-two years of age. He joined the Suffolk Regiment in October 1893, and the King's African Rifles in June 1899. Captain

Herbert Humphrey de B. Morris joined the East Kent Regiment in June 1896, and was transferred to the K.A.R. in June 1899. In 1901 he saw active service in Ashanti. Lieutenant Joseph Aloysius Gaynor was gazetted to the 2nd Dragoon Guards on July 18, 1900, having previously served with Lumsden's Horse in South Africa. In 1901 he was attached to the K.A.R. Captain C. M. D. Bruce, R.A., killed in Major Gough's engagement near Walwal on April 19, joined the Army on May 16, 1891, served in the North-West Frontier of India Campaign, and in East Africa in 1901 took part in the operations in Somaliland as commander of the cavalry. Lieutenant Cyril Ernest Chichester, killed on the 16th, belonged to the Somali Mounted Infantry, to which he was transferred from the Somerset Light Infantry. He saw active service in the North-West Frontier Campaign of 1897.

#### THE SIEGE OF THE CHARTREUSE.

The fruits of the French Religious Associations Act are still many and bitter. Everywhere throughout France monastic communities refuse to submit to its provisions, and are being forcibly expelled by the authorities. At the Grande Chartreuse, the monks of that famous industrial community who still remain have barricaded themselves into their convent, and declare that they will not surrender except to armed force. It is said that the authorities will have to break down forty doors to reach the recalcitrant brethren. The question is complicated by a charge of bribery, which alleges that agents of the Government offered to stay the expulsion for a consideration of one million francs. This is indignantly denied. The General of the Carthusians, who seems to believe the story, has addressed a solemn letter to M. Combes, summoning the Premier before the



AN OLD HUNTING-LODGE OF JAMES I. DEVOTED TO THE PUBLIC: BROOMFIELD PARK, NEW SOUTHGATE.

*The grounds will be used as a public park, the house as a technical school and reading-room.*

them, building something new and in good taste, or leaving the space empty. There is no possibility of preserving the place as Shakspere knew it; for what he knew was long since removed, with the exception of some parts of the china-shop. The scheme in contemplation does, at least, provide buildings which are modest in size, appropriate in style, and well removed from the birthplace."

#### BROOMFIELD PARK.

Broomfield Park, New Southgate, the latest addition to London's open spaces, was until recently tenanted by Sir Ralph Littler, K.C., the Chairman of the Middlesex County Council, and has been secured from the owner, Mr. Powys Lybbe, for £25,000. The estate comprises some fifty-four acres, of which thirty are park-land beautifully wooded, nine occupied by football and cricket grounds, and an acre and a half by three lakes. The house itself stands on the site of a convent, and is of considerable historic interest. Queen Elizabeth is said to have visited it, and James I. is known to have used it as a hunting-lodge. The exterior has been modernised, but the interior still presents several noteworthy features, in particular an oak staircase, the walls and ceiling of which are decorated by Thornhill, who assisted in the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's. It is proposed to use this residence for technical classes and reading-rooms.

#### THE ENTHRONEMENT OF DR. RYLE.

The enthronement of Dr. Herbert Edward Ryle, the new Bishop of Winchester, in Winchester Cathedral on April 23, was chiefly remarkable for the absence of the usual formal address to the congregation. Otherwise the ceremony, which was performed by the



LOG-ROLLING FROM KEW BRIDGE TO PUTNEY ON MEAT-EXTRACT TINS, APRIL 25: REFRESHMENTS ON THE VOYAGE.

Supreme Judgment-seat, "where neither blackmailing nor tricks of eloquence will avail."

#### LOG-ROLLING ON THE THAMES.

Mr. Tom Barton, who claims the title of champion log-roller of the world, has been demonstrating his abilities on the Thames. Starting on April 25 from Kew Bridge, he covered the distance to Putney—rather over five and a half miles—in two hours forty-five minutes. The monotony of the progress was broken by numerous changes of position on the part of Mr. Barton. The "log" used on the occasion was ten feet long and twelve inches in diameter, and was composed of a number of "Bovril" tins soldered one to the other.

#### THE "MOTOR DERBY" ELIMINATING TRIALS.

For the Gordon-Bennett Race, three tests were arranged for the eliminating trials held on the Duke of Portland's estate at Welbeck on April 25, but on the appointed day only two of these were run—the kilomètre, run from a flying start, and the one mile, run from a standing start. The hill-climb was postponed. Six runs at each distance were made by the four competitors, three of whom, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. J. W. Stocks, and Mr. Mark Mayhew, each drove a "Napier" car, while the fourth, Mr. J. Lisle, drove a "Star." In the opinion of the officials it was considered to the interest of England in the forthcoming international contest that the complete times should not be published. These were accordingly withheld. On April 27 the hill-climb took place, and the result of the trials was announced as follows: Mr. J. W. Stocks (Napier) beat the Hon. C. S. Rolls (Napier) by 50 1-5 sec., Mr. Mark Mayhew (Napier) by 2 min. 19 sec., and Mr. J. Lisle (Star) by 3 min. 22 sec. Mr. Stocks will therefore, no doubt, be chosen by the Automobile Club as the third British competitor in the great Irish race. The others are Mr. S. F. Edge and Mr. Charles Jarrott.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, APRIL 23: THE PROCESSION OF ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES LEAVING THE BISHOP'S HOUSE.

*The new Bishop, Dr. Ryle, appears in the doorway.*

Archdeacon of Canterbury in the presence of a large gathering of clergy and laity, followed precedent. A luncheon, at which Mr. J. A. Fort, the Mayor, was host,

CAPTAIN H. H. DE B. MORRIS.

CAPTAIN H. E. OLIVEY.

COLONEL A. W. V. PLUNKETT.

CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON-STEWART.



CAPTAIN H. C. VESEY.

LIEUTENANT C. E. CHICHESTER.

LIEUTENANT J. A. GAYNOR.

CAPTAIN C. M. D. BRUCE.

TYPES OF THE 2ND KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES, COMMANDED BY THE LATE COLONEL PLUNKETT.

THE BRITISH REVERSE IN SOMALILAND : OFFICERS KILLED IN THE RECENT FIGHTING.

*Our Portraits are from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Dickins and Glass, Salmon, Talma, A. McGowan, Harrison, and Russell.*

MR. MARK MAYHEW ON HIS "NAPIER."



THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON HIS "NAPIER" DURING THE TRIALS.



THE ELECTRICAL STARTING AND TIMING MACHINE.



THE WINNER, MR. J. W. STOCKS, AND HIS "NAPIER."

PRELIMINARIES TO THE "MOTOR DERBY": THE ELIMINATING TRIALS TO DECIDE THE THIRD BRITISH COMPETITOR IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL AND GRAY.

*The trials on the Duke of Portland's estate at Welbeck on April 25-27 ended in a victory for Mr. Stocks. Three tests were applied: a kilometre run from a flying start, a mile run from a standing start, and a hill-climb. The times were kept secret, not to prejudice the British chance in the Gordon-Bennett race in Ireland.*

# THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY AT NAPLES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NAPLES.



The King. Queen of Portugal. Duke of Braganza.

KING EDWARD AND THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL VISITING THE CASERTA PALACE, A FORMER HOME OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

On April 24 the Queen and Princes of Portugal, who were at Naples on a yachting cruise, were invited by King Edward to accompany him to the Caserta Palace, built in 1752 by Vanvitelli for Charles III. before his accession to the throne of Spain.

## PERDITA.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

WHEN I emerged into the vestibule of the theatre the crush was at its worst. The air streamed in softly through the great open doors, and the lights played upon a diversity of colours which the panorama of the crowd continually shifted. Pink, blue, white, roan, and bold reds gleamed or shone or flashed in the pack before me. Outside I could hear the shrill whistles of the commissionaires, and the rattle of wheels upon the road blending with the shouts of the pavement and the hoarse supplications of the touts. I stood back to wait until the throng should dissolve, but, under the press behind me from the passages, was obliged to yield, and move more or less awkwardly, and involuntarily, in a zigzag towards the door. As I hate crushes, I took the first opportunity of stepping aside into a vacant space near the wall, and there remained with exemplary patience.

The crowd parted, closed again, and swayed, chattering. Pearls gleamed on bare necks, and white wraps drifted by like snow-wreaths; there was the feeling, if one half shut one's eyes, that a stream of beauty, white and delicate of arm, and tinkling of speech, went by. But to open a wide gaze was to dispel the illusion, to take in portly dowagers, severe black coats and heavy opulence. Yet the outfall of a theatre should, by right of romance, be the most attractive in a great city. As my eyes kept pace with the tide, they alighted from beneath their half-drawn curtain upon a pretty face that had been thrown out, so to speak, by the flood, discarded and ejected like myself, and now hovered in hesitation upon the outskirts. I opened my eyes full, anticipating the disillusion, but this time was not disappointed. The girl was undoubtedly pretty, and as undoubtedly showed signs of distress. She

strode to pierce the press but vainly, strode again, and then turned back as if her spirit failed her; and at last, turning about, as if to throw wild eyes of entreaty broadcast, caught my glance. I stepped forward, constrained by the tragedy in her gaze.

"If you will wait, Madam," said I, "the vestibule will be clear in a few minutes."

She gasped, but did not speak at first—not, indeed, it seemed, until she was forced upon utterance by despair.

"But they have gone!" she burst forth.

"Your friends?" I asked politely, and (I vow) in an exceeding gentle voice.

"Yes," she stammered, and then, her terror returning, would have thrown herself once more upon the wedge of humanity that without ceremony was squeezing

selfishly outwards. This was the counsel of mere panic, and I dissuaded her, still very gently.

"Your friends will no doubt be waiting," said I encouragingly. She looked at me momentarily with a glance of hope, and then despair seized the pretty lineaments again. She shook her head without replying, and continued to view the stream helplessly. It was an awkward situation. In the circumstances I thought I had done as much as good manners exacted, or (for that matter) would allow. So I said and did nothing more. As the throng melted we pushed forward and, step by step, came out upon the covered pavement. I was quite aware that the girl was by my side, but I could not say if she was conscious of my presence. I think, indeed, she had clean forgotten me.

While the woman in front of me was bustling into her carriage, her skirts clenched desperately to her knee, and ere I nodded to the commissionaire to call a cab, I glanced down at what I may perhaps without offence call my companion. She was admirably young—too young, of course, from my own point of view—but of that wondering, wavering, innocent youth and beauty which carries conviction and disorder to contemporary hearts, and is more deeply charged with danger than any overt archness. Her lips were parted, and her eyes shot eagerly from darkness to darkness of the street. I watched her. The face fell suddenly like a child's who has been disappointed, the lips quivered, and tears welled in the eyes. I could bear it no longer.

"Your friends are sure to miss you," I said clumsily. She shook her head; and as soon as she could speak, without looking up to see who questioned her, she answered—

"No; they were in two broughams, and each will think I'm in the other's."



*The girl of the flat was out of town.*

This, at least, bespoke intelligence, if also despair. Why then, thought I, these tears? To come to such a conclusion was surely but the prelude to whistling for a cab. It was a very simple problem, faced and solved doughtily a score of times every week by damsels as innocent, and even welcomed by them as the earnest of romance. Yet here was poor Perdita weeping and trembling, her face, above her pretty shoulders and the fine chiffon, struck with dismay and fear. Again I took upon myself the office.

"Will you allow me to call you a cab?" said I; and the commissionaire had called it ere she could answer. As it rolled up she protested, feebly, weakly, distressfully, yet with a show of womanly aloofness which she had not hitherto exhibited. It seemed she had awakened to the knowledge that she was in converse with a stranger. I shrugged my shoulders.

"It is the commissionaire's affair," said I, "not mine."

I have no doubt I spoke coldly, and I saw her face blanch. She wavered between the pavement and the hansom. The commissionaire stood attentive, eager to bustle her off. I relented.

"What address shall I give him?" I asked.

At that she gave vent to a little sob. I judged she was placing upon herself all the restraint she could.

"I—I don't know," she said; "at least, I think it's Lexham Gardens. I know it's 21."

"Don't know?" I echoed with surprise, almost before I was aware.

"I only arrived there this morning," she said apologetically—"from the country," she added, and completed her statement in a humbler voice. "I have never been in London before but once."

Instantly I had a proper vista of my duty. It would have been like abandoning a lost child to turn my back upon Perdita. I saw what must be, and I took the decision at once. I dared not turn her loose upon that ruthless and gigantic wilderness. I handed her firmly into the cab, and stepped in myself.

"No. 21, Lexham Gardens," said I to the commissionaire. The cab started, the horse stumbled and nearly fell; my companion clutched me in her fright, and the next moment we were rolling along the Strand. She withdrew her hand stealthily, as if she feared I would resent it.

"I am going to see you to 21, Lexham Gardens," I said with pleasant firmness. "It is not right that little girls should be out so late by themselves."

Whether she thought this untimely pleasantry, I do not know, but she said nothing. I admit that it was not the opening of a genius, yet the situation was somewhat embarrassing. I am old enough not to be easily disconcerted, and therefore I continued—

"It is not at all an unusual situation," I explained in a manner employed to set her at her ease. "Indeed, I have more than once found myself lost. I have embarked, too, on a long omnibus journey, and found myself destitute of a penny. It is awkward, but unimportant. Have you ever done that?"

She stammered that she had not, but the remark opened out the circumstance that she also was destitute of a penny to pay the cab. This delicate situation I circumvented by diplomacy, first by the frank lie that I was practically driving home myself, and, when that failed, by the airy assumption that Perdita could easily send me a postal order for the cab-fare. Our relations being thus amiably established, I think she grew more cheerful, although it was obvious that the black cloud of despair brooded only at a little distance. She was from Dorsetshire, and her father was Squire in some outlandish village. She did credit to the winds and sunshine of that western shire, and she had a pretty style; but she was embarrassingly innocent. I could not see her face quite clearly in the dim light of the hansom, but her presence somehow breathed beauty, and I cannot say that I resented the adventure. We drove west on the deliberate wheels of the cab, and the driver interrupted quite an animated conversation by pulling up, and opening the trap above us.

"Lexham Gardens," said he phlegmatically.

I jumped out, and assisted the girl to alight. With the lace about her head she made a very pretty figure under the fanlight, a figure of youth, beauty, hope, health, and happiness. At least, I reflected, she should have stood for the last, newly dipped in the pleasures of the great city, and with no edge of appetite or enjoyment as yet blunted. Her face, as I looked, however, changed: hope died out in despair, and once more panic loomed behind the virginal eyes.

"It's not the house," she gasped.

"Are you sure?" I asked, and received an affirmative which displayed increased agitation.

"There were pillars before the door," she said. "Oh, it's not anything like the house."

I had not rung the bell, and we retraced our steps to the cab. We got in, and I explained through the trap.

"It's the wrong address," I said, but I know my words must have sounded very feeble at that late hour. Why should we have driven to a wrong address? I consulted the girl. She knew it was 21, and therefore it was apparent now that it could not be Lexham Gardens. It

might be Lenham. I suggested that it probably was, and received a reluctant agreement. Evidently there was no relying upon Perdita's impressions. Perhaps even 21 was wrong. However, we tried Lenham Gardens, and I had rung the bell before we found out that this also was a strange house. I apologised and withdrew.

The cab was still waiting, and I explained again. It seemed to me that there was something sarcastic in the snap of the trap over my head. Our cabman was beginning to disbelieve in us. I almost determined, if the next address was also wrong, to go in for a minute at all hazards. It would look better, and give the suggestion, perhaps, that I had been paying a call. It was Lenham Street we tried next, and the people at 21 had gone to bed. There were pillars here, or I should have been saved from the humiliation of having to listen to the language of a fat man who, from the sound, must have fallen over a coal-scuttle, and who considered himself at liberty to vent his annoyance on me. I apologised, but it was clear that I could not convey to the cabman the suggestion of a call. I descended the steps under a volley of objurgatory remarks from the fat man, who was evidently of opinion that I had played a trick upon him. This time, by way of hostage almost, I had left Perdita in the cab.

The cabman made no remark when I suggested 21, Lexham Crescent, but unhappily there turned out to be no 21. I fancy he must have known it, and have enjoyed his joke all the time he was on the wing. After all, it was no matter to him if he were employed to drive about in this ridiculous fashion. I can conceive him saying to himself that if people liked it, it didn't hurt him, so long as he was paid. He was even cheerful when I told him to try 21, Laleham Gardens, and I could almost fancy that he welcomed me back with hospitality when I returned to the cab after unsuccessful inquiries. His attitude seemed to say, "All right. Here we are again; jump in. I don't mind."

I must confess I had begun to mind very much, and so had the girl. She was not weeping, as she had been at the theatre, but her silence was as tragic.

"I think," said I at last, in desperation, "that you had better let me drive you to an hotel. You will be quite comfortable there, and can easily look up your friends in the directory to-morrow morning."

It was manifestly the only safe course to take; indeed, I regard it even now as the only practicable course to have taken; and, moreover, there was the possibility that even at this late hour a directory might be procured, and a messenger dispatched to acquaint her friends at once with her predicament and her safety. But she would not listen. I think she had taken fright at our repeated failures, and perhaps distrusted me, or at least my luck. And there was also another fear that peeped out in her agitated refusals.

"It will be much the safest," I urged.

"No," she said tremulously, "I couldn't—I shouldn't like—oh, I wouldn't dare to drive up to a —"

There was something improper in it for her, and, no doubt the situation would provoke curiosity and questions, possibly even suspicions. It was embarrassing, as I had all along known, but the short cut is often the best way out of embarrassments. However, we abandoned the hotel, with all the greater alacrity because she remembered a girl who had a flat in Kensington. This address she did recall and without diffidence. Indeed, she had a faint air of resenting the doubts I threw on her memory. So we drove west again, and I think I could hear the cabman enjoying himself on the box. At any rate, he whistled gaily, and more than once hallooed cheerily to a friend—or it may have been to a stranger. The soft summer night was full of fragrance, and, no doubt, to a younger heart, of romance. There was mystery in the dim masses of the trees in Hyde Park. The road was empty and silent save for our jangling bell, which sounded pleasantly enough. Perdita's heart rose, and she peered forth at the park with interest. She thought, you see, she was getting home, at least reaching a haven of comparative safety; and, thus comforted, she began to resume the observance of convention.

"I don't know how to thank you," she began with quite a pretty hesitancy.

I begged her not to begin, adding, what was not wholly false, that I had enjoyed the air and the night.

"And I don't even know —" she began and stopped. "Please let me know where I am to send the postal order and how much it is," she said primly after a pause.

"Well, you see," said I, "I'm not quite sure how much of this cab is mine. I shall have to take it back, and I should have had to take it in any case from the theatre. You see, it was my cab," I explained, quite as firmly as she.

"I must ask you to kindly let me know," she answered quite firmly. I was beginning an argument (for this was a new phase) when the cab drew up. We were at the flat.

We arrived at the fourth landing to find the girl of the flat was out of town. No doubt we were stupid not to have asked the lift-man, but we had neither of us thought of it. This failure of her last hope reduced

poor Perdita to tears. She cried on our way down in the darkness; but, as for me, I was only reflecting with some satisfaction that we could appear to have paid a visit this time, if a somewhat hurried one.

Our cabman welcomed us back with a flourish of his whip and an antic performance on his box. I think we had got into his head, and he possibly looked upon himself as the pantaloon on a stage which intermittently disgorged its columbine and its harlequin.

"Where to now, Sir, might I arst?" he inquired with jocose and sarcastic friendliness. "This is a reg'lar little 'oliday."

I think I should have snapped him up sharply had not my companion suddenly cried in an excited voice—

"21, Lincoln Gardens."

"All right—all same to me," says he, with nonchalance, and gathered up his reins. But I turned to Perdita—

"My dear girl—" I said.

"I remember—I remember it now, quite clearly," she called triumphantly. "It came into my head just now, when I was looking at the house. It was the horse reminded me of it—21, Lincoln Gardens."

I really saw no connection between the horse and the address, but I made no answer. To say the truth, I had no genuine confidence in the new address, and gave myself over to reflection somewhat moodily. I congratulated her quite nicely, but I was annoyed by the cabman overhead, who was hilariously singing some silly tune from the halls. It began (I remember) with some such declaration as, "She was a little too young to know, you know"; and if I recollect aright, there was a knowing sort of refrain which ended, "She hadn't been in London long." At last my irritation broke out, and I pushed open the trap, protesting. I told him with studied sarcasm that it was obvious that his lately born enthusiasm for music must have been incited by illicit potations.

"Lor, no," said he familiarly, and not at all offended. "Why, bless you, you don't gi' me a chance. You're that quick with poppin' in and out. Lightnin' change artists, that's what you are—reg'lar lightnin' change artists."

As there did not seem any point in continuing the conversation, I did not do so. I had, as you will agree, a good deal to annoy me, and although it was possible that the girl might be right this time, I was too old to join her in her youthful enthusiasm, and I was, for the first time, beginning to be annoyed with her. It was all very well to have a pretty face and to look helpless; but what was I to do with her if her last expedient failed? The possibility of an hotel retreated every minute; for it was past midnight, and the respectability of a caravanserai would suffer outrage by the arrival of two distressed people of different sexes, without luggage and almost without money. I had even desperate but gloomy thoughts of my own rooms and Mrs. Grainger's face. If it had to come to that, well—it had. I could not cast her adrift, and I supposed I could sleep on an embankment, or under a railway-arch, or somewhere.

When we reached Lincoln Gardens Perdita put out her head eagerly.

"It is here!" she cried in delight; "I was right!" And I wildly gesticulated the cabman to pull up at the number. I think he would have gone on cheerfully for ever, but, as he explained again, for the third time, as we got out, it didn't matter to him.

"Now we shan't be long, Governor!" he called after me with the abominable affectation of friendliness which he had assumed. I reached the door, resolute on one point—that I would not take him on again, even if I had to walk the streets.

The door opened, but as it did Perdita called my attention to the portico.

"It is the house!" she said, bubbling with pleasure. I was unfeignedly glad to hear it; and, as soon as the door was ajar, I put a sovereign into the man-servant's hands.

"Pay the cab," said I, and turned to my companion. She was quite still and silent, and her eyes were fixed, as if drawn by a magnet, on a stout, elegant woman in middle life who had entered the hall. The lady stared doubtfully at us, and then, the pucker vanishing suddenly from her brow, almost ran forward.

"How do you do? It is Sir Thomas and Lady Heron, is it not? Do come in. We had hoped you might be able to come earlier, but know how busy you are, and how many engagements you must have during the season. It was so kind of you to come, even late. As Mr. Curtis always says, better late than never. Oh! you must let me present my husband to you."

She turned as she spoke these swift, staccato sentences, and I cast a look of amazement at my companion. But her face was one of terror, and I at once took action. Frankly, I would be hanged if I would be turned out into the night again with so compromising a companion, and as this good lady had put things upon a comfortable footing . . . I whispered to her—

"This is not the house?" And when her dumb lips gave no answer, added sharply, "Then follow me, and, above all, keep your face and be not afraid."

(To be concluded next week.)

“SHAMROCK III.’s” OPPONENT: THE “RELIANCE,” DEFENDER OF THE AMERICA CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURTON, NEW YORK.



THE “RELIANCE” JUST AFTER THE LAUNCH.



STEPPING THE MAST OF THE “RELIANCE,” APRIL 13.



THE “RELIANCE” TAKING THE WATER AT BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.A., ON APRIL 11.



THE GREAT BREADTH OF BEAM OF THE “RELIANCE.”



THE “RELIANCE” READY FOR RIGGING.

*The American yacht was christened by Miss Nora Iselin, daughter of the nominal owner. The “Reliance” has very easy lines, and her greatest beam is well up in the shoulders. The mast rises about 159 feet above the deck, the boom is 114 feet long, and the gross superficial area of canvas is 15,800 feet.*

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT NAPLES, APRIL 23.

DRAWN BY G. ANATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NAPLES.



THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ENTERING THE BAY OF NAPLES.

*As his Majesty's yacht approached Naples, she passed along a line of Italian war-ships, the crews of which cheered King Edward enthusiastically.*

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY AND HIS TARS AT MALTA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY NAVAL INSTRUCTOR BARTON.

Admiral Domville.

The King.

The Governor of Malta.



KING EDWARD AT A "SING-SONG" ON BOARD H.M.S. "BULWARK," APRIL 18: THE HORNPIPE.

*On the Saturday after his arrival at Malta, the King dined on board the Commander-in-Chief's flag-ship, "Bulwark," with the Admiral and Captains of the Fleet. After dinner, a "sing-song" was held on the quarter-deck, where four hundred officers were present. Bay Roach danced a hornpipe before his Majesty.*

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In a recent number of *Nature* Dr. Alexander Hill, Master of Downing College, Cambridge, published a communication, entitled "Can Dogs Reason?" This article should possess an extreme interest for everyone who, loving dogs, seeks to observe their ways and works. The greater part of Dr. Hill's paper is concerned with the description of certain interesting experiments made in the case of an exceptionally intelligent fox-terrier. He introduces the subject by a reference to the power of such an animal to reason—that is, to draw—shall we say unconsciously, even?—an inference from an inference, or to compare one inference with another.

The reader of dog-stories and anecdotes needs occasionally a wholesome correction in the direction which Dr. Hill indicates. I have often thought it an admirable example of the dead wall between the reasoning powers, properly so called, and mere intelligence capable of applying experiences to given ends, to watch a dog enjoying the warmth of the fire. The fire wanes and the room grows cold, but, intelligent as he may be, he does not prise up the lid of the coal-scuttle with his nose, and, seizing coal, replenish the grate for his continued comfort. I hope I am not pressing too hard on the dog in this example, but it seems to me fair enough, because it deals with an abstract result in the way of reasoning. The many times he has seen the appeal to the scuttle have had no effect upon him. If Dr. Hill's terrier "Peter" did not achieve a relatively simple result in the way of reasoning from facts to a conclusion, I suppose I shall wait in vain to hear, even in the wildest of anecdotes, of a dog that can stoke a fire.

But to Dr. Hill's story. "Peter" was trained to open a wooden box by lifting its latch with his nose. The box was specially constructed. Behind the door was a spiral spring capable of being graduated so that the pressure to be exercised in opening the door could be varied at will. As "Peter" perfected himself in his task, the length of the latch—at first it was long—was diminished, and the spring was made so stiff that only by a considerable effort could the dog open the door. Rewarded with food after his performances, "Peter" became an adept at his work. Dr. Hill says it was a game with him. As often as the door was closed "Peter" would open it. If placed on the floor, he would open it without waiting for a sign. He examined the inside frequently, but no food was placed within it.

Now, one evening, after "Peter" had attained his easy familiarity with the box-opening, he was sent supperless to bed. He is fed only once a day. On the morning after "Peter's" supperless night a grilled bone was placed in the box. The box itself was placed in a small yard surrounded by the house. A boot-room opened into the yard on one side and into a passage on the other. After a run in the garden the passage-door into the boot-room was opened. The observers watched the yard from an upper window. In two minutes after entering the room "Peter" smelt the bone. He ran through the yard to the box. Then ensued a curious circumstance. The dog ducked his head as if with the intention of lifting the latch, but desisted. After sniffing at the box, "Peter" pushed it with his nose. Then he returned to the boot-room. In a few minutes he was back again at the box, sniffing at it. Twice he pushed the latch from behind, Dr. Hill says, but did not put his head beneath it. Then he returned to the room, and showed no anxiety or attempt again to visit the box.

A twelve-mile run in the country succeeded, and on reaching home "Peter" had half an hour's rest in the boot-room. Then came a run in the garden. Back to the boot-room came "Peter," with the yard-door open; but the wind blew the door and shut it before the dog had reached the yard. A little later he was pushed backwards through the door, when "he went straight to the box, lifted the latch in the most business-like way, and took out the bone." A fortnight afterwards there was a repetition of the trial, with an identical result. The box was sniffed at and pushed with his nose, eager to get at the bone; but on this occasion he showed no sign of remembering how to open the box. After a second trial he gave up the attempt. There was also noted a desire to get into the boot-room, showing that he knew the route towards this bone. At twelve noon, on the door being opened, he made for the box, opened it, and took out the bone. The dog, it is added, is frequently fed in the yard described.

Dr. Hill remarks here that notwithstanding the constant practice of opening the box, it is surprising the usual performance did not occur. The dog knew the box contained a meal, yet he did not reason that the way to get at it was to lift the latch. In order to avoid all source of confusion, care was taken that no one was present when the dog found the box with the bone in it. This was done because, as lifting the latch was associated in "Peter's" mind with the approbation of his master, it was necessary to eliminate any motive save that of the desire to get the bone through an effort of "reason."

If any superficial criticism is permissible regarding this most interesting recital it might take the form of a suggestion regarding the dog's mental state with reference to the legitimacy of his taking the bone at all. The well-trained dog is not a thief, and it may be that "Peter's" hesitation arose from the idea that, left alone with a savoury morsel, he was precluded from taking it because it did not represent food given him in the ordinary way. Now "Peter," when opening his box, always searches for food within. A fresh train of ideas has been started, and habit has crystallised them in the form of an action that has become as automatic as was the original lifting of the latch.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.  
P C SALTER (Fatfield, Durham).—A problem with two key-moves is always unsound, and only appears through error. Problem No. 3073, however, is quite correct. The answer to 1. Q to B 4th is 1. R to Q 8th, and no mate follows in two more moves. Your solution of No. 3077 will not answer.

REV. C R SOWELL.—See answer above.

H S BRANDRETH.—We meant to imply the method is not new. We are much obliged for your interesting pamphlets.

R SR. G BURKE (Kheri, Oudh).—We shall make use of one of your problems, probably No. 4. The others shall be further considered, but we are not likely to publish more than one other.

P H WILLIAMS.—Very neat indeed; but the special danger of this class of problem, as you may find in your tourney, is that somebody has done it before.

FIDEITAS.—It shall be examined; and we hope to find it acceptable.

E J WINTERS (Wood and Irving Chapin (Philadelphia).—Problems marked for insertion.

O WILSON (Streatham).—Much obliged, but the class of problem is unsuitable for this column. We cannot reply by post.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3075 received from Fidelitas and H S Brandreth (Weybridge); of No. 3076 from Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), W A Lillico (Glasgow), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), A G (Pancsova), Fidelitas, C H Midgley (Stroud Green), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), Frank W Higgs, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), D B R Oban, Charles E Robson (Saffron Walden), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Police Constable Slater (Fatfield, Durham), and Carl Prencke (Hamburg).

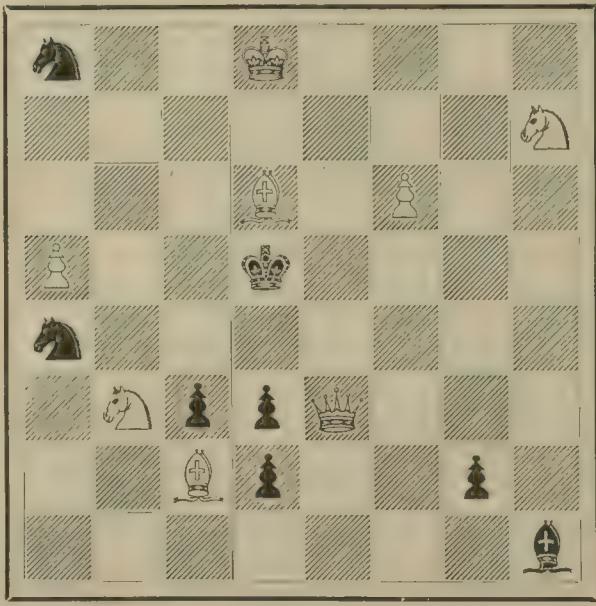
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3077 received from T Roberts, Sorrento, R Worts (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Reginald Gordon, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), W A Lillico (Glasgow), R H Warner, Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), Martin F, and Albert Wolff (Putney).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3076.—By A. E. LECLUSE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 2nd	Any move
2. Kt or Q mates.	

## PROBLEM No. 3079.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played in match for County Challenge Cup between  
SIR WYKE BAYLISS and MR. LEONARD REES.  
(*Staunton's Opening*.)

WHITE (Sir W. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Sir W. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Ptakes Pen pass	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. B to Q 3rd	Castles
3. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	12. Castles	Q to B 2nd
4. Q to B 2nd	B to B 4th	13. Kt to B 3rd	B to R 3rd
5. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	14. P to K 5th	B takes B
6. P to Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd	15. Q takes B	P takes P
This advance is not generally advisable, but it meets with a reward beyond expectation.			
7. Kt to Kt sq		16. P takes P	R to Q sq
After this there is nothing left for his opponent. White's play has been unexpected.			
8. Kt takes P	Q to K 2nd	17. Kt to K sq	
9. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	18. Kt to Kt 5th	R takes B
10. B to R 3rd	P to B 4th	19. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
Q Kt to Q 2nd would have saved Black for the time being, at any rate.			
11. P to K 5th	P to K 5th	20. P takes R	Q takes P
12. Kt to K 6th		21. Q to R 8th (ch)	Resigns.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. H. von EHRLERT and P. BOHL.  
(*Ruy Lopez*.)

WHITE (Von E.)	BLACK (P. B.)	WHITE (Von E.)	BLACK (P. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt takes P	Kt takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
3. B to K 5th	P to Q R 3rd	13. P to K R 3rd	Kt takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	14. Kt takes Kt	B takes P
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. Kt to B 4th	B to Kt 5th
6. Castles	B to K 2nd	16. P to K B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	17. Kt to B 3rd	B to K R 5th
8. Kt takes P	Kt to Q H 4th	18. Kt to K 4th	B to Q Kt 4th
9. Kt to B 5th	P to K R 4th	19. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
So far, the opening has followed well-known lines, being identical with Col. 20 in Steinitz's "Modern Chess Instructor." The text-move is a new departure, intended to escape the draw that results from Castling, or the loss that follows Kt takes B.			
10. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B 5th	20. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
11. Kt takes P		Black's attack has been admirable, and he now prepares for the brilliant finish that ends the game. White practically can do nothing to avert defeat.	
12. Kt takes P	Q to K 2nd	21. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
13. P to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	22. B to B 4th	Q R to R 5th
14. B to R 3rd	P to B 4th	23. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
15. Q to K 4th	P takes P	24. P takes Kt	Q to R 7th (ch)
16. Castles	B to K 2nd	25. K takes Q	B to B 7th, mate.

## CHESS IN CHINA.

Game played between Dr. STOOKE and Mr. ROLIDE.  
(*Queen's Fianchetto Defence*.)

WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	10. Kt to K 2nd	K to K sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. B to K B 4th	
3. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	White has skilfully taken advantage of his adversary's blunders, and presses home the attack in good style.	
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q sq
This is weak, and, followed by the play of the fifth move, disastrous. P to K 3rd was quite sufficient.			
5. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	13. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd
6. Kt to K 5th	At once natural and safe. When Black is forced to make it, some moves further on, it is under much worse conditions.	14. Kt to B 5th	Q to K 6th, followed by Kt to Kt 5th seems a shorter way to victory. The game is interesting as coming from the very heart of China.
7. P to K 6th	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q B 5th
8. P takes P (ch)	K takes P	16. Kt takes P (ch)	B takes Kt
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	17. Q to R 5th (ch)	B to B 5th
10. Kt to Q 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	18. Q to B 7th, mate.	

Mr. John Watkinson, the founder of the *British Chess Magazine*, has been entertained to a complimentary dinner by the Huddersfield Chess Club, on which occasion he was presented with a silver rose-bowl as a mark of esteem by a large circle of chessplayers.

## TALKING ON A RAY OF LIGHT.

In a few years we may be able to converse over beams of light. We may be able to stand, as we stand to-day, beside a telephonic transmitter, "call up" a neighbour or a distant friend with an electric flash, and receive from such distance his luminous reply; we shall have done away with wires as Marconi and other experimenters have done away with them in telegraphy; we shall have taken another step in the forward march of scientific progress; and have added another to the great discoveries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The German Government authorities, in granting a substantial sum of money to a young Berlin scientist, Ernst Ruhmer, with which to continue the experiments so successfully carried out by him last year near Berlin, evidently believe that the day of wireless telephony is near at hand. These experiments proved the ability of the scientist, under varying atmospheric conditions, to transmit articulate sound across water over distances varying from a mile up to nine and a third miles, the messages being satisfactorily received and understood. The earliest reports of his success, stating that he had talked over a distance of four miles, were extraordinary in their significance. The latest accounts suggest possibilities which, twenty-five years ago, would have been beyond the thought of sanguine man.

To Ruhmer, however, is not due the credit of the discovery of photophony, or radiophony, as the transmission of sound by means of light is sometimes called. He, like several other scientists who have investigated the subject, acknowledges indebtedness to Bell, who in 1880 devised the now well-known "photophone." This instrument consisted of a plane mirror arranged to reflect a beam of light upon a selenium cell in circuit with a common telephone-receiver at the receiving end. The mirror, which served as a telephone diaphragm, was placed in front of a resonating chamber and a mouthpiece, so that when any sound entered the mouthpiece the mirror vibrated and altered the intensity of the beam of light. Owing to the presence of the selenium, which, as is well known, curiously alters its resistance in the light, the changes in the beam of light produced vibrations in the receiver of the diaphragm like those communicated to the transmitter mirror. In this way was the spoken message first transmitted by means of light.

The improvements made by Ruhmer on the photophone, and particularly the important discoveries which he has made regarding the uses to which selenium may be put, are the grounds upon which his present claims to recognition rest. Bell and one or two later experimenters succeeded with the photophone in transmitting sound vibrations for the briefest distances, but failed woefully in turning out a practical apparatus. Ruhmer has tried to complete their investigations by making a system that should be of commercial value. Had he, for instance, not discovered that selenium is sensitive to other than red and yellow rays—in other words, that it is also sensitive to blue, violet, and ultra-violet, or invisible rays—it would have been impossible for anyone in the future to telephone when the sun was shining. The use to which he has put this curious non-metallic element in his apparatus has been the chief reason of his undoubted success.

The experiments which Ruhmer conducted on the Wannsee, near Berlin, were so simple that the proverbial child should be able to understand them. Some idea of them may be obtained from our illustrations. One of these, in particular, shows Professor Ruhmer and his receiving apparatus on the banks of the Wannsee. At the transmitting station a person spoke into the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone, and in accordance with the simple principle of the Bell apparatus the spoken message was received by the mirror at the receiving end. A small mirror was used in the early experiments, and it was soon found that the distance over which the message of light could be transmitted depended largely on the size of the mirror. One of Ruhmer's experiments was made in heavy rain. Owing to the entire success of his attempts to talk over a distance of a mile, he determined to test his apparatus on the Havel, where a greater distance could be obtained. A receiving station was erected on the Kaiser Wilhelm Tower in Grünwald, and tests were made on a dull and foggy evening between the transmitter on a small launch and this station, a distance of four and a third miles, or seven kilomètres. Though the mirror was small and the light imperfect, the sounds were distinctly heard at both places, and the messages understood. Later a large mirror, some four feet in diameter, was constructed, and subsequent tests resulted in the transmitting of messages for over nine miles.

The advantages of wireless telephony over the present system—looking at it from the commercial point of view—are three in number. By means of it messages can be sent more rapidly than at present; replies to all messages received can be sent instantaneously; and perfect secrecy is assured. The disadvantage of the system is that the distance to which messages can be transmitted is limited. The most sanguine investigators assert that it is, or will be, effective for a distance of one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles. The cost of a wireless telephone would, however, be cheap enough to warrant its introduction, and popular use, for short distances.

Of course it is understood that the transmission of sound mentioned above does not mean transmission in the exact sense of the word, for the sound of the human voice does not travel over the ray of light. Neither can it be said that the human voice travels over a telephone-wire. In either case the primary sound only is reproduced—in the case of the telephone by means of a varying electric current, and in Ruhmer's apparatus by a ray of changing intensity. To those who were present at Ruhmer's experiments, especially during the early evening, when the flashes could be distinctly seen, these messages seemed to be mere searchlight flashes with no particular significance.

## TALKING ON A RAY OF LIGHT: EXPERIMENTS IN WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE INVENTOR.—(SEE ARTICLE ON CHESS PAGE.)



PROFESSOR RUHMER, of Berlin, working on the lines of Bell's photophone, has brought light telephony to considerable perfection. Bell used a plane mirror, reflecting a beam of light upon a selenium cell in circuit with a common telephone-receiver at the receiving end. The mirror, vibrating to the voice, altered the intensity of the beam playing on the selenium which alters its electrical resistance under the action of varying light), and thus reproduced the vibrations on the diaphragm of the receiver. This, with important modifications and improvements, is Ruhmer's method. The great merit of his invention is that it is now possible to telephone without wires in the daytime. Other advantages are that messages can be sent more rapidly than at present, that replies to the messages can be sent instantaneously, and that perfect secrecy is ensured. The German Government has placed £2000 at the disposal of the inventor for further experiments.

RUHMER sought to make the Bell system of commercial value, and was aided by two important original discoveries. He found that selenium is sensitive to other than red and yellow rays, and also that by increasing the size of his mirror he could increase the distance at which the message would be audible. During his experiments on the Wannsee, Berlin, the inventor first succeeded in sending his messages a mile; afterwards he spoke to a distance of nine miles.

1. A LONG-DISTANCE RECEIVING-STATION: THE PARABOLIC MIRROR ON A TOWER.

2. AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH ON THE WANNSEE, BERLIN, FITTED WITH THE SEARCH-LIGHT TO THROW THE UNDULATING BEAM.

3. THE RECEIVING-STATION ON THE WANNSEE, BERLIN, SHOWING THE SELENIUM CELL AND THE PARABOLIC MIRROR WHICH CONCENTRATES THE UNDULATING BEAM ON THE CELL.

4. THE INSTRUMENT WHICH WORKED OVER A DISTANCE OF NINE MILES, WITH PARABOLIC GLASS MIRROR AND SELENIUM CELL.

5. A RECEIVING-STATION FOR LONG-DISTANCE WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

6. A RECEIVING-APPARATUS, PARABOLIC MIRROR, AND SELENIUM CELL, THE VARIATIONS OF WHICH UNDER LIGHT REPRODUCE THE VOICE.



THE MONASTERY CHURCH.



THE REFECTIONY.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY.

THE RESISTANCE TO THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS ACT: THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, WHERE THE MONKS HAVE BARRICADED THEMSELVES.  
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. BLACK.



1. Cooks of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
2. Discussing the Awards.  
3. Cooks of H.M.S. "Duke of Wellington."

4. "Sterlets de Russie à la Peter Hof" by Victor Beaujeux, Chef de Cuisine, Junior Army and Navy Club. Extra Gold Medal given by International Union of Cooks.

5. Schoolgirl Competition: Melior Street Roman Catholic Schools, Southwark.

6. English Martyrs School, Walworth.

7. Gold-Medal Pastry by T. Stevens, Cardiff.  
8. A Cook of 1st Battalion Irish Guards.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: SINGERS AND SCENES.

FRAULEIN REINL.—[Photo, Hoffert.]



THE HALL OF THE GIBICHUNGS, FROM THE LAST SCENE OF "GÖTTERDAMMERUNG."



FRAU BOLSKA.

FRAULEIN TERNINA.



THE GORGE IN THE RHINE. A SCENE FROM "GÖTTERDAMMERUNG."



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS.



FRAU LEFFLER BURCKARD.

Photograph by Jacob.



FRAULEIN OLIVE FREMSTADT.

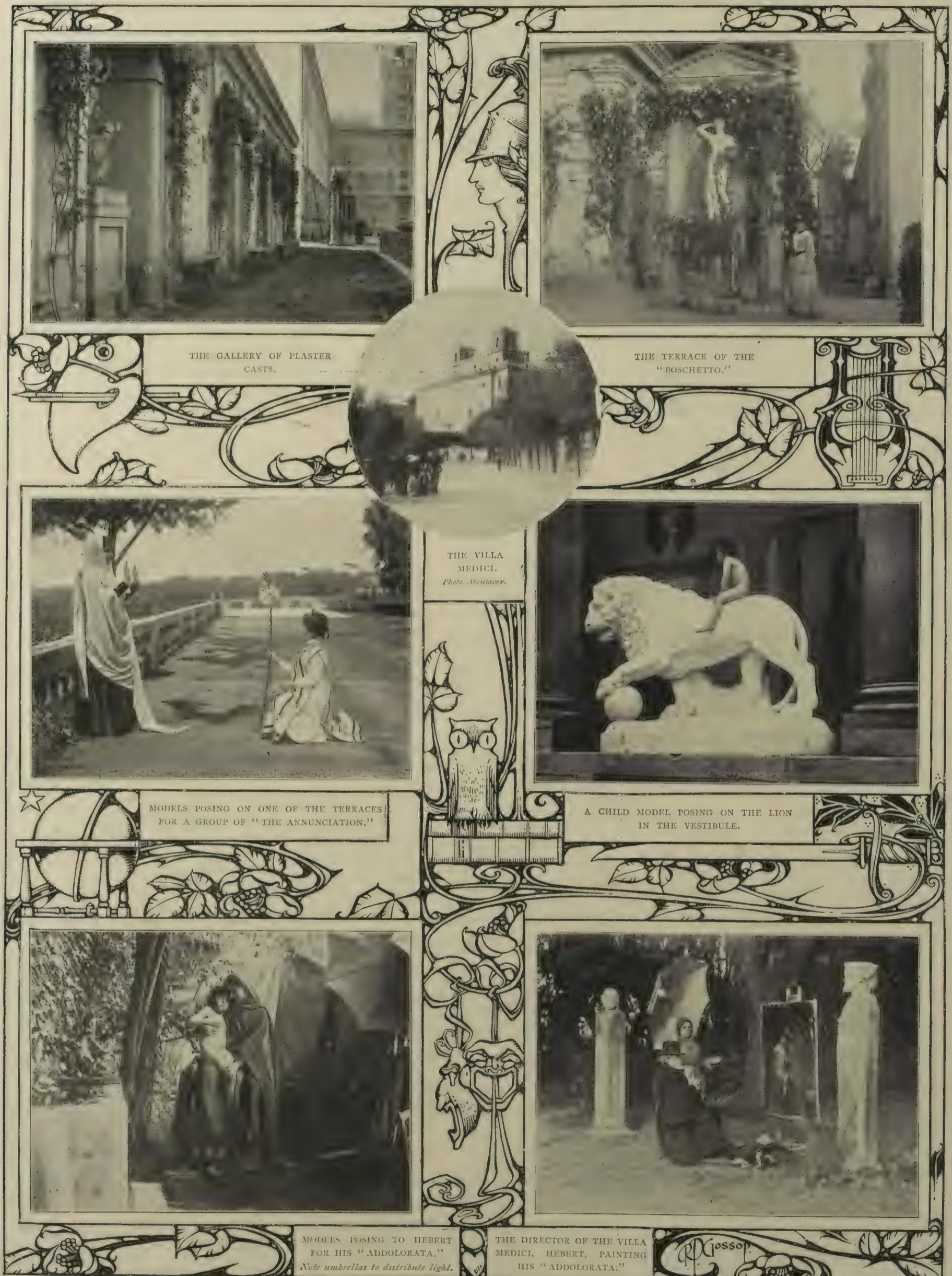
Photograph by Lutz.

MISS MARY GARDEN.

Photograph by Berger.

*The drawings, by S. Begg, are from the splendid scenery of "Götterdämmerung," which has for the first time been painted entirely by British artists.*

THE PRIX DE ROME: THE CENTENARY OF THE VILLA MEDICI AS AN OUTPOST OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, APRIL 18.



*The blue ribbon of the French Academy is for a student to win the Prix de Rome, which entitles the holder to study in the Eternal City. For the last hundred years the students have been housed in the Villa Medici.*

THE SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN: OUTPOST DUTY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



FRIENDLY SOMALI SCOUTS CHALLENGED BY A SIKH SENTRY.

*A Sikh detachment with the British Expedition suffered severely in Colonel Plunkett's disaster on April 17. Somali scouts have been instructed when they approach our camp to hold their rifles high above their heads.*



THE KING'S TOUR.—THE ILLUMINATED WATER CARNIVAL AT MALTA, APRIL 20: THE PROCESSION OF SHIPS OF ALL AGES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.

*Thirteen types of vessels, from the Ark to the "King Edward VII," took part in the pageant. Among them were a Maltese galley, a Phoenician galley, a Chinese junk, a Greek trireme, a Scandinavian long-ship, and the Pinta of Columbus. The King watched the procession with the keenest interest.*

THE KING'S TOUR: THE CELEBRATIONS AT MALTA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.



KING EDWARD REVIEWING A NAVAL FORCE, EIGHT THOUSAND STRONG, ON THE MARSA, APRIL 20.

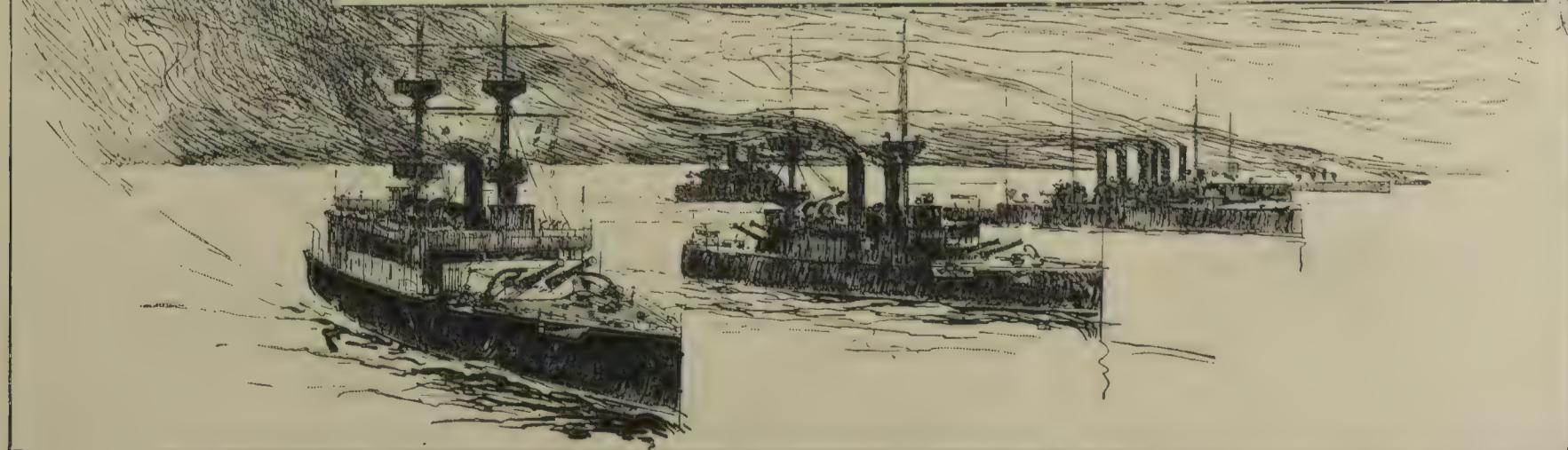
*The review, which had been postponed from April 18 owing to a sandstorm, was favoured with the most magnificent weather two days later. The force, which paraded under Admirat Custance, marched past to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." During the whole time of the review, which lasted fifty minutes, his Majesty stood in the hot sun on a dais draped with Union Jacks.*

THE KING'S TOUR: THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY, TAKEN AT MALTA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS, VALETTA.



KING EDWARD IN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



## THE ALLEGED VANDALISM AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: AN INQUIRY AND A REFUTATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.



(a) Technical School. (b) Space Vacant by Fire; Proposed Site of Library. (c) China-Shop, Modern Brick Front, behind which Fine Timbered Work does *not* Exist. (d) Cottages and Custodian's House (Modern), Site to be added to Birthplace Garden. (e) Shakspere's Birthplace.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: MEAN BRICK TENEMENTS, SIXTY YEARS OLD, IN HENLEY STREET, WHICH SENTIMENTALISTS WISH TO SAVE.



(a) Technical School (Existing). (b) Library, Proposed to be Built on Ground now Vacant by Fire. (c) Probable Aspect of the China-Shop after Preservation as Part of Library. (d) Reading-Room, made from Warehouse. (e) Position of Shakspere's Birthplace.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF PROPOSED NEW AND ALTERED BUILDINGS  
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MR. EDGAR FLOW:R.



(a) Technical School. (b) Vacant Space. (c) China-Shop. (d) Cottages. (e) Birthplace. (f) Modern Timbered Building.

VIEW SHOWING THE FEW ANCIENT TIMBERS IN THE CHINA-SHOP  
(TO BE PRESERVED).



(d) Cottages (Those on Left in Dangerous State). (g) Small Portion of Old Rubble-Work (Date unknown).

BACK VIEW OF THE MEAN AND DANGEROUS TENEMENTS  
THREATENED WITH RÉMOVAL.



(c) China-Shop, West End, showing Scrap of Timber-Work (Four of the Timbers are Old). (d) Cottages in Dangerous State. (h) Warehouse, to be Converted into Reading-Room.

FOUR ANCIENT PIECES OF TIMBER (TO BE PRESERVED).



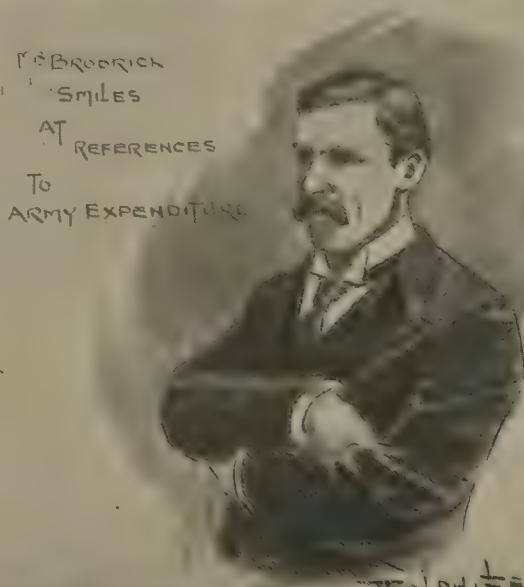
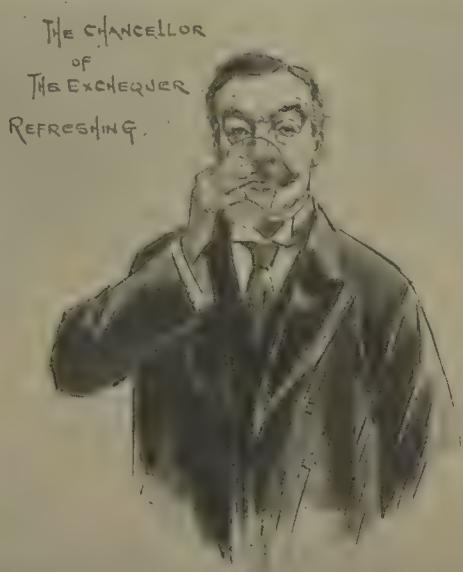
(h) Warehouse, to be Converted into a Reading-Room. (j) Back of Custodian's House, Converted from a Stable about 1858.

THE WAREHOUSE AT REAR OF THE HENLEY STREET CHINA-SHOP.

As the houses about which the trouble has arisen are only sixty years old, it is obvious that Shakspere's foot never pressed their threshold. By following the lettering in the illustrations, our readers will easily connect the entire scheme of what it is proposed to demolish or preserve, and can judge for themselves how far the project partakes of Vandalism.

MR. RITCHIE'S FIRST BUDGET: SCENES IN THE HOUSE, APRIL 23.

SKEICHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE GRAVITY AND HUMOUR OF PUBLIC FINANCE.

*The features of the Chancellor's Budget were the reduction of the Income Tax by fourpence, and the abolition of the Corn Duty.*

## LITERATURE.

## NEW FICTION AND BOOKS ON ART AND TRAVEL.

*Botticelli.* By A. Streeter. (London: George Bell, 5s.)  
*The Sword of Azrael: A Chronicle of the Great Mutiny.* By John Hayman, Major-General, late Hon. E.I.C.S. Edited by R. E. Forrest. (London: Methuen, 6s.)  
*Thirty Years in Australia.* By Ada Cambridge. (London: Methuen, 7s. 6d.)  
*On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea.* By H.R.H. Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. Translated by William Le Queux. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson, 2 guineas.)  
*Holbein's Celebrated Picture, now called "The Ambassadors."* By William Frederick D'ches. (London: Cassell, 10s. 6d.)  
*Voyages and Travels.* An "English Garner" Series. Two vols. (London: Constable, 4s. each, net.)

The work of Botticelli has now a literature of its own, some of it very learned, all of it very delightful. Fifty years ago no expert placed in the first rank the Florentine whose praises are now set forth in scores of volumes. But Botticelli is rediscovered rather than discovered. If, as is supposed, he was appointed the master-painter of the brilliant group of Sistine chapel-decorators, he had thus the recognition of the greatest of experts, Pope Sixtus IV. Nevertheless, his fame had almost completely lapsed in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. The twentieth century has been busy upon making amends; and now one of the most attractive volumes of the "Great Masters" series comes to us from the pen of Miss Streeter. Those will-o'-the-wisps—dates—play a prominent part in the monographs of the day, leading biographers a sorry dance by bringing assurance in one old document and contradiction in another. Thus is it that Botticelli becomes early in his career—with his first year, in fact—a difficulty to the students of his life. The years 1444, 1445, and 1447 all make claims on the new-born Botticelli. It is wise to follow Miss Streeter's example and use the safeguarding initial of "circa" before the year 1444. Miss Streeter, however, fulfilling a promise in her preface, makes something more than a scientific and historic study of her subject, who retains the slight mystery lent by uncertainty all through his life. She has made her notes while sitting before originals in the cool galleries of Florence and Rome; and she has read her Walter Pater.

It is the fashion to believe that there are no readable novels on Indian life except those of Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel; but the belief has little foundation. It is to this extent sound, that the two popular writers have mastered the secret of interesting people who neither know nor care whether India is in Asia or in Africa, whereas the average Anglo-Indian novelist assumes in his reader a certain meagre acquaintance with a few of the more elementary facts of Indian life. Since journalists probably know less of India than of most countries, and are not generally pleased by stories containing strange references, they are content to dismiss very curtly an Indian romance. And, of course, if a story is not worth telling for its own sake, it does not become so by being inlaid with jungles or rajahs or durbars. Still, several novels with an Indian setting which have never attained great popularity have been uncommonly good novels—notably the stories of Sir Henry Cunningham and Sir George Chesney—and we are inclined to add some of the works of Mr. R. E. Forrest to the list. "The Sword of Azrael" has, indeed, not quite the vigour of at least one of its predecessors, and labours under the apparent defect that its plot is concerned with a very insignificant side-stream of the great flood of the Mutiny. It describes the adventures of a single British officer whose regiment had mutinied, and it ceases when, having lost all that made life dear to him, he rejoins the British forces. However plucky he may be, however romantic his adventures, the Briton as refugee will never be as popular a character as the Briton as conqueror. But the incidents of the hero's rescue of two Englishwomen form a good adventurous romance.

Every reviewer knows how disappointing volumes of travel and reminiscence are apt to be, more especially when the book under consideration partakes of the two characters. It is therefore the more pleasant to be able to say that in "Thirty Years in Australia," Miss Ada Cambridge—to give her the pen-name by which she chooses to be known—has written one of the most charming and moving books of the kind which it has ever been our good fortune to meet. Not only those who have friends and relations in Greater Britain, but even those who have no kind of connection with Australia, will find much of absorbing interest in this touching, eloquent record of what seems to have been felt, even at the end of the period, to be a life of exile. There is much quiet humour in the description of how the young clergyman and his younger wife set out for the Isle of Beauty, full of high hope and a determination to find missionary life the best of earthly vocations. Even now, when all the conditions of existence have so entirely changed in the most civilised of Australasian colonies—that is, in Victoria—many a bride-elect whose future life is to be in Australia will learn a great deal that may be invaluable to her in this most interesting and practical book. The writer's first home was in the Bush, as indeed was the second; while the third, where was situated her husband's first real cure, was in one of those beautiful little Australian townships which seem modern Arcadias to those who visit them for the first time. It was there that the

hard-working clergyman's wife first began her long and distinguished literary career; but she never allowed her writing to interfere with what she considered her real work.

The two handsome volumes of the Duke of the Abruzzi's work, "On the *Polar Star* in the Arctic Sea," deal respectively with the voyage to and the year spent on Prince Rudolph Island, and with the experiences of the sledge expeditions undertaken therefrom in the spring. The story of the winter passed on this desolate spot, the most northerly of the Emperor Franz

step reminded them that the advancing season loosened the ice-pack and enormously enhanced the dangers of the return journey. Before they again saw Prince Rudolph Island, which they reached thirteen days after their due date, they were reduced to killing their sledge-dogs, and, cooking-utensils being burned through, eating the flesh almost raw. After reading Captain Cagni's story, it is not difficult to imagine the fate that may have befallen the unfortunate Lieutenant Querini and his two companions. The volumes are admirably and lavishly illustrated from photographs taken by the Duke and other members of the expedition; and the whole work reflects credit upon those responsible for its production. Mr. Le Queux must be congratulated on the success with which his translation preserves the vividness and animation of the original Italian.

Mr. D'ches is an enthusiast, and Holbein's picture "The Ambassadors" is his subject. Enthusiasm is specialised in our days, like knowledge, and Mr. D'ches is not concerned so much with Holbein, or with one of Holbein's pictures, as with the question whose portraits were painted by the master in this majestic group. A parchment label, which the author of this book calls supposititious, names the two men who stand with so many signs or symbols between them, Messire Jean d'Inteville and Messire George de Selve; but a detachable label goes a very little way towards proof: it is direct evidence of nothing more than the fact that someone at a certain time had a conviction as to the portraits, and wished to convey the same to posterity. But that conviction itself may be valuable evidence under conditions that imply good faith or knowledge in him who held it. Mr. D'ches has examined the label and its history, and he denies it any serious value. He holds that the portraits are those of Otto Henry, called the Magnanimous, and Philipp (why "Philipp," seeing that the name of Henry is completely Anglicised?), the defender of Vienna, brothers, Counts Palatine of the Rhine. These two magnates shared the government of the Rhine, and by their death closed the elder line of a great house and office. Mr. D'ches finds in the identity of the figures a key to lost passages of Holbein's life. Much turns upon the question whether the master was at Basel or in London at the date of the painting of the great picture. He went at that time to England for a lengthened stay, according to some authorities; for a mere excursion, according to Mr. D'ches. He would have forfeited his precious privileges of citizenship at Basel had he not returned within a certain time, and he was specially urged and invited to return and to remain by the Mayor, Burgomaster, and Council. Mr. D'ches's argument takes a good deal of careful following, and his book is not too much for its exposition; it cannot, therefore, be even indicated in a brief review. We have done no more than give the aim of it. Needless to say, he consults the picture itself as well as the circumstances; and his tracing of the significance of the skull and the other accessories involves some curious and romantic passages of the family history of the two Counts Palatine. Moreover, he tracks the likenesses in other portraits, for his book is well and carefully illustrated.

The reissue of Professor Arber's "English Garner," begun with the Tudor and Stuart Tracts, is continued with "Voyages and Travels," now, for the first time, separated from the alien matter contained in the original compilation, and arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order. Prefaced by two admirably lucid articles by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, author of "The Dawn of Modern Geography," they will be welcomed by every student of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The greater number of the narratives—in point of fact, little less than half—are from Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," both the first edition of 1589 and the larger issue of 1599 and 1600 being placed under contribution. In addition, however, there are included, amongst much other matter that is both valuable and entertaining, what are rightly described in the Introduction as the gems of the present collection—an abridgment of the first part of Jan Huyghen van Linschoten's celebrated narrative of a "Voyage, in a Portuguese carrack, to Goa, in 1583 A.D.," "Sir Francis Drake revived; Calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver," and "Nineteen Years' Captivity in the Kingdom of Conde Uda in the Highlands of Ceylon, sustained by Captain Robert Knox; between March 1660 and October 1679: Together with his Singular Deliverance from that Strange and Pagan Land." Of scarcely less historical value are the "not easily accessible correspondence between William Hawkins and Sir William Cecil of December 1568 and January 1569, relative to the disaster

of San Juan d'Ulloa, and the still more important depositions of March 1569 in the English Admiralty Court as to the aforesaid disaster, the guilt of the Spanish assailants of Sir John Hawkins, and the losses sustained by his fleet on that occasion." There are several other narratives, the inclusion of which would alone have warranted the appearance of the volumes, notably those of John Eldred, Ralph Fitch, and John Newbery, which record the first direct intercourse of English merchants with India, and Edward Wright's "Voyage of the Earl of Cumberland," "The Dolphin's Sea-Fight against Five Turkish Men-of-War," and "The Captivity of Richard Hasleton." There is not a single record in the two volumes, however, that is not of lasting interest. The editor has wisely chosen to retain Professor Arber's notes.



LIBERATING THE "POLAR STAR" WITH MINES.

Reproduced from "On the 'Polar Star' in the Arctic Sea," by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Joseph group, is told in the Duke's diary: the condition of the vessel, which was badly "nipped" by the ice-pack in Teplitz Bay, afforded the crew plenty of occupation during the autumn; but the two months of total darkness, with the thermometer between fifty and sixty degrees below zero, was a period of deadly monotony, broken only by violent storms. The Duke had intended to lead the principal sledge-party himself, but to his profound disappointment, a frost-bitten hand obliged him to delegate the perilous honour to Captain Cagni; and the intrepid band of three, commanded by that officer, accomplished the feat of beating Nansen's record and taking observations in a latitude—86 deg. 34 min.—never before reached by man. Three sledge-parties independently equipped made a successful start on March 11. The first, under Lieutenant Querini, rationed for twenty-four days, left the main body to return on the twelfth day out, but was never heard of again. The second, under Dr. Cavalli, travelled



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S SLEIGH-DOGS.

Reproduced from "On the 'Polar Star' in the Arctic Sea," by permission of the Publishers.

northward for twenty-four days and returned in safety after many adventures; but chief interest naturally centres on the third detachment, whose mission it was to press on as near to the Pole as seventy-two days' rations would allow; and the greater part of the second volume is devoted to Captain Cagni's diary. Never have we read anything that more convincingly brings home to us the hardships and perils of sledge travel on the Arctic ice. Now brought up by some gaping channel, now cutting through ice ridges, now adrift on a floe; now stopped by dense fog or driving snowstorm; always wet or half-frozen, the four weary men flogged their still more weary dogs forward. To carry the Italian flag a little farther north than Nansen had carried that of Norway, they put themselves on short rations, and pushed on, though every

## SCRAPS FROM AN ALBUM OF AUTOGRAPHS.



A distinct, nay distinguished, personality in the House of Commons is Sir Gilbert Parker, who was returned for Gravesend at the last General Election. How he manages to get through his many public duties and yet find time to write his brilliant novels is a matter which always astonishes everyone.

**Sir Gilbert Parker** writes: "I have tried Odol and find it very satisfactory. I should think it would be a boon to the public."



Bassano.

One of the most beautiful actresses on the stage, with teeth like a row of gleaming pearls, is Miss Marie Studholme. The public is the friend of all its favourite actresses, and therefore Miss Studholme recommends Odol to you.

**Miss Marie Studholme** writes: "Odol is the best dentifrice I have ever used. I shall have great pleasure in recommending it to my friends."



Few men in the world have as great a charge as Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, the private physician of His Holiness the Pope, whose vitality is one of the marvels of our time.

**Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi** writes: "Having frequently tested Odol, I am in a position to declare that this preparation is rightly considered the best antiseptic mouth-washes."



Winsome beauty has always been one of the charms of Miss Mabel Love's appearance, with the result that she has never failed to attract attention in whatever Company she has been; whether at the Gaiety in musical comedy, at the Palace in a coon song and dance, or at His Majesty's in spectacular drama.

**Miss Mabel Love** writes: "I have much pleasure in using Odol."



There is no more popular actor among actors than Mr. Lionel Brough, whose wonderful capacity for telling stories is everywhere recognised by the public, as is his brilliant acting in "The Eternal City."

**Mr. Lionel Brough** writes: "Both my family and myself are very pleased with the new mouth-wash, Odol. I am a confirmed smoker, and find it most comforting in the morning. The younger branches use it as a dentifrice and wash, and are so satisfied that they would like it 'laid on' in the bath-room like water."



The ideal stage representative of young English girlhood blossoming into womanhood, Miss Ellaline Terriss is the possessor of one of the most beautiful sets of teeth on the stage or off it. They are seen in most of her photographs, and she naturally devotes special care to so conspicuous a beauty.

**Miss Ellaline Terriss** writes: "As a sunny smile beautifies a countenance so do shining teeth beautify a mouth. We cannot all have perfect teeth, but we can all have a perfect mouth-wash, and that everyone has who uses Odol! It is delightfully fragrant, reliably antiseptic, and imparts a sensation of cleanliness which is to be obtained in no other way. Once used it must always be used."

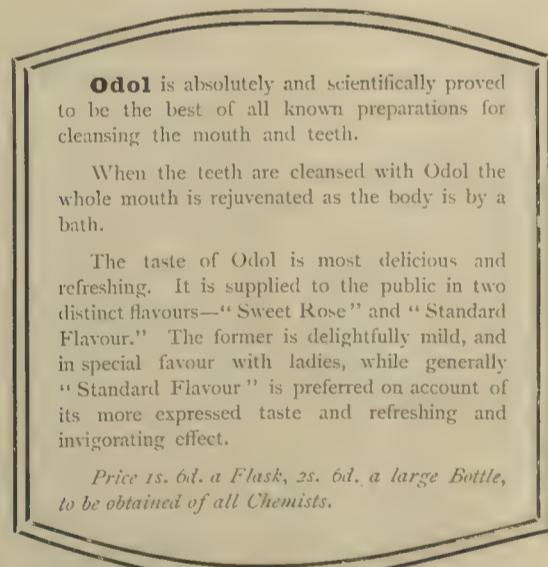
A certain suggestion of dominating passion weaves itself through the acting of the beautiful Mrs. Brown-Potter, so that she becomes invaluable on the stage for a certain type of woman, while with her great elocutionary gifts, which she has exercised in more than one church at the invitation of the clergyman, she is helping in the work of drawing the church and stage together.

**Mrs. Cora Brown-Potter** writes: "'Perfect' is the one word to express the varied qualities of Odol in an age when 'Perfection' is always sought but rarely found. No higher praise can be awarded to this preparation, which I have used not only with great advantage, but also with much pleasure, for it is as fragrant as it is effective."

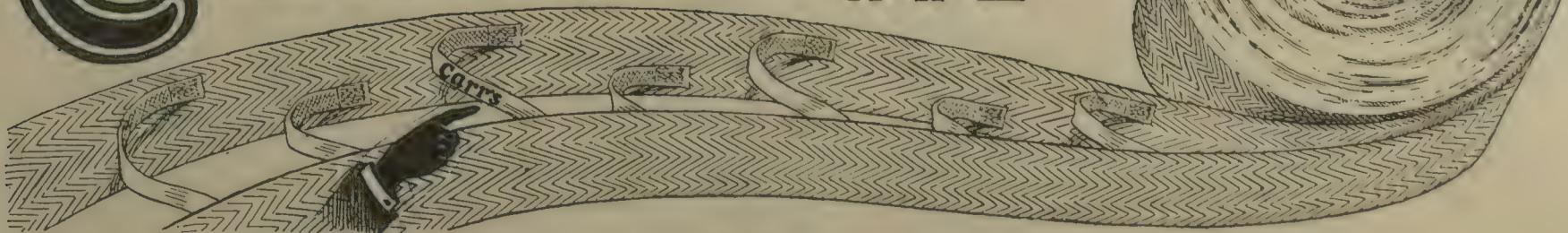
No actor of romantic drama has a greater vogue than Mr. George Alexander, who, as Villon, in "If I were King," has made the greatest success of his career.

**Mr. George Alexander** says: "I have pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your dentifrice Odol. I find it very fragrant and effective."

If the King were Villon he could say no more than Mr. Alexander.



# CARR'S "STAMPED" QUALITY LADDER TAPE



It is worth paying a trifle more for some things in order to secure THE BEST. It is poor economy to save a FEW PENCE on the TAPES of a VENETIAN BLIND by using inferior makes, which only last half as long as "CARR'S" TAPES.

It is most important that purchasers should be sure they are getting the right quality, and they should insist upon seeing the name "Carr's" which is stamped on one of the interwoven cross-straps once in every yard.

## LADIES' PAGES.

A lady has made application to the Inns of Court to be allowed to follow the ordinary routine to be called to the Bar. The Benchers have promised to take the matter into their formal consideration. It may be remembered that a short time ago a lady applied to be admitted to the examinations for a solicitor in Scotland, and that the Scottish Law Courts have thereupon decided that a woman is not a person! That is to say, the Act of Parliament which regulates the terms on which anybody is admitted to practise law in Scotland speaks always of "persons," and the Judges held that this word should apply only to men. Much the same decision was given, a good many years ago now, about women medical students, and that matter was put right for the women who wished to become doctors by Parliament passing an Act stating definitely that women could be admitted to all medical examinations where the heads of the profession were willing to admit them. In France, again, Parliament had to pass a special enabling Act before it was held legal for women to enter the profession of law, and two women at once became barristers on being thus qualified. We shall see what happens in London.

In America women are admitted to practise law in almost every State, and according to the last Census there were no fewer than 1000 lady lawyers in the country. In quite a number of cases husband and wife are together in the legal profession. One of the leading professional papers, the *Legal News*, was founded and conducted for thirty years by a lady lawyer, Mrs. Bradwell, whose husband was a Judge. During my last visit to America I had the pleasure of being a guest in the charming home of a married couple who were both qualified lawyers, and who had been in business together—Mr. and Mrs. Seiders, of Toledo. In two of our Colonies at least—namely, Canada and New Zealand—the practice of law by women is legal. In Germany it is not so, but there are several ladies who have taken a degree in law, and one of them has a very good practice in Berlin as a private adviser to other women in their legal difficulties, although she has to hand over the actual management of the cases in Court to someone else; and I should think that there would be an opening to do likewise for a few women in this country who would make a special study of the law affecting their own sex.

There has been the usual rush of marriages following Lent. On one day last week there were no fewer than sixteen fashionable marriages. A very pretty white wedding was that of Miss Heathcote with the eldest son of



WHITE SERGE TRIMMED WITH LACE.

Sir Lionel Darell, who is in the 1st Life Guards. Her dress was of white silk draped with silver-embroidered lace, with panels of white moiré, and she wore a rope of pearls presented by three thousand employés in a great company over which her father presides. The eight bridesmaids wore that material so very popular at present both for brides' and their maids' gowns, crêpe-de-Chine. Their sashes were of a pinkish heliotrope, and their hats to match, bouquets of pink roses carrying out the touch of colour. A little silver appears on most of the bridal dresses at present. Another pretty white wedding of last week, where the bride wore white crêpe-de-Chine embroidered with silver, was relieved by a touch of green in the bridesmaids' costumes and in their hats, their bouquets being of lilies-of-the-valley, with their own foliage. Yet another white gown was of ivory satin with wide insertions round the skirt to the knee of fine Irish point lace, alternating with gaugings of chiffon, the train being of transparent silver tissue edged up one side with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids in this case had white crêpe-de-Chine dresses, with pelerines of lace in the new shape, fitting close into the waist behind and falling loose in front, tied round the waist with pink ribbon; the blossoms in their hats and bouquets were pink and white roses. Another bride made a departure from the ordinary practice by having little boys to precede her dressed in the costume of Heralds, carried out in pale-blue satin embroidered with gold; she had four bridesmaids, who were in Empire dresses of blue soft silk. This pretty bride's own dress was of ivory satin embroidered with silver, and having sleeves and yoke of rucked chiffon. The rush of weddings in the last fortnight of April is a proof of the deep-seated belief in luck that remains in our sceptical age. There is a superstition that May is an unlucky month to marry in, and people who lay stress upon times and seasons will not marry in Lent, so that there has been a very brief time to arrange marriages in between these two periods.

Green is to be the colour of the year. In springtime there is always a certain quantity of it worn; but this season it is expected to be quite the prevailing tint for smart frocks. It has the great advantage of being almost equally becoming, in some of its shades, to blondes and brunettes. I wonder whether my readers have you ever noticed how many shades of green there are in nature? In springtime one can stand in a country scene and, without moving, count at least two dozen, ranging from the tender tone of the foliage just pushing through the ground that is almost yellow, to the nearly black colour that some of the evergreens display. There is a long gamut in all colours, as I was taught especially at the last Paris Exhibition, where one of the silk-dyeing firms displayed in a long case, in a series of folds, the whole of the set of tones in which they dyed every colour. The green and the violet especially struck me; for, as I have said above of the former colour, so with

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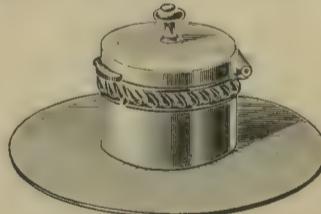
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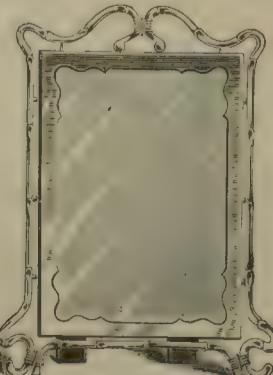
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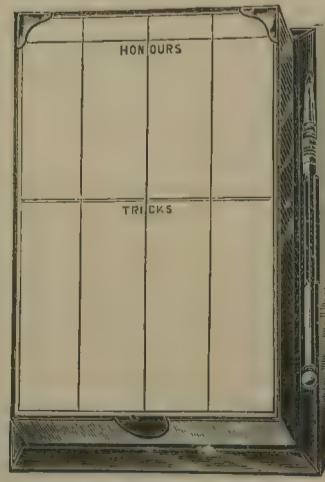
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the latter—it ranges from that delicate heliotrope which is almost grey up to the rich purple which verges upon black. It is not enough, therefore, to select a colour as that which will suit us best; we have to consider also what is the shade which is most compatible with our own colouring. Besides the great variety of its tones, green is an accommodating colour in combination with others. With what wonderful accuracy the tint of the blossom is always harmonised to the tone of the leaf; and how curiously suitable some shade of green is found to be to the most brilliant or the most tender of the hues that are found in the floral world! This indicates that if we have the skill to combine the tints we may make almost any combination that we please harmonise with a gown of green. The now rather wearisome contrast of a dark-blue dress trimmed with green will be exchanged this season for a dainty blue garniture enlivening dark-green frocks. A pale brown, again, is very harmonious with green; and gold is a perfect trimming—such a dress as Queen Guinevere wore when she made her memorable journey with Sir Lancelot—

A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
Buckled with golden clasps before.

Pink, of course, goes admirably with green, and for a young wearer nothing better can be suggested. Green in combination with certain shades of heliotrope is also happy.

It is a good sign that the Cookery Exhibition at the Albert Hall has been so crowded. While a great many mistresses of houses take a genuine interest in the management of their homes, there are too many who do not understand anything about the business that they are supposed to direct. If young ladies took more interest in domestic economy, and obtained some practical knowledge of cookery, servants would soon improve; but while mistresses do not see the impropriety of an educated girl undertaking the duties of the head of a household blankly ignorant of all that concerns her functions as such, and oblivious of the fact that she practically contracted with her husband, when she married him, to manage his home for him properly, we can hardly be surprised that the other girls who offer themselves as servants are equally often incapable of fulfilling the duties which they profess to discharge. Every influence, therefore, which increases the interest in domestic affairs, and causes it to be realised that they are just as important as any of the fine arts, if not more so, is to be welcomed. The Cookery Exhibition has covered all branches of the noble art of food-preparation. There were gorgeous set pieces from professed chefs; there were displays of cooking for the ordinary household; and there were enthusiastic and interested little maidens from the Board schools displaying the cookery that they have been taught under the careful and elaborate scheme for Domestic Economy instruction organised so well by the ladies on that Board. One interesting exhibit, for



A USEFUL BLUE SERGE GOWN.

instance, illustrated "What can be done with a shoulder of mutton." The joint was first displayed in a tempting condition of completeness, and then six good-looking and properly tasty dishes were shown that could be prepared from its "beautiful remains," ranging from rissoles and hash to tomatoes stuffed with mutton mince. Amongst the trade exhibits, special interest was shown in the "Plasmon" display of dishes, to which had been added, without any change of flavour or appearance, some of this powder.

It is expected that there will be three Courts this season, as the King and Queen have resolved to do all that they possibly can to make this a good year, and so to afford some compensation for the series of depressed ones that we have passed through. Among the businesses that may expect a great revival, the jewellers stand pre-eminent. The wonderful display of jewels made at the Durbar has increased the liking for precious stones that was already sufficiently pronounced. There is no business in London where the latest ideas in jewellery are expressed more completely and more steadily up-to-date than by the renowned Parisian Diamond Company. They get the best designs, and have the earliest intimation of the changes of fashion; naturally enough, for many women of rank and wealth do not want to have their family heirlooms altered and changed about, and look to this artistic firm to supply them with the fresh ornaments that will keep my lady's appearance up to date. Looking over the beautiful show of ornaments at 143, Regent Street, the other day, I noticed how often other jewels are now being mingled with diamonds, a fact which I had previously heard from Paris as to the newest designs. I much admired a Parisian diamond brooch in excellent taste, which has a central cluster of diamonds with a single ruby at the top and bottom, and an emerald at either end. Another note of the newest designs in jewellery which is expressed in several of the freshly manufactured ornaments by this company is to have a "dingle-dangle" to finish off the design; either a coloured stone, or a well-shaped pearl, or a diamond as clear as a dew-drop. One can be always sure of seeing the most artistic and up-to-date ornaments at any of their shops: 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, or 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade.

Two pretty spring dresses are the subject of our illustrations this week. That one in white serge with the pleats stitched down to below the knee, and thence falling loosely, is trimmed with lace, and a bow of tulle. The hat harmonises, being trimmed with blossoms and tulle bow and ends. The other dress is in the ever-useful blue serge, trimmed with black and white braid.

FILOMENA.

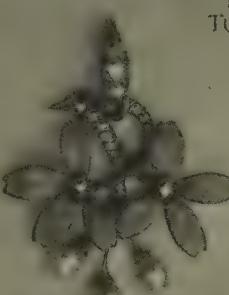
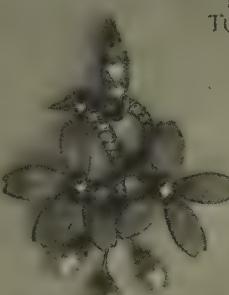
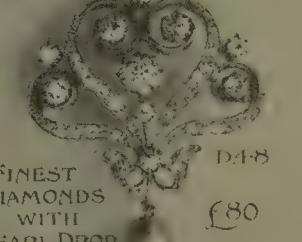
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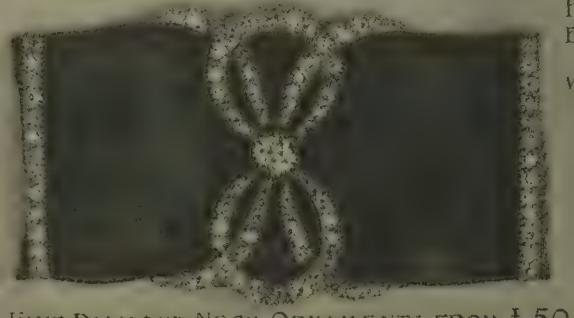
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ECCLESIASTICAL  
NOTES.

The Bishop of Ripon spent the Easter holidays at his Cornish home, a beautiful little house near Falmouth. Dr. Boyd Carpenter is the new Clerk of the Closet, and will enter on his duties on May 6, when the Bishops of Winchester, St. Albans, and Exeter will do homage to the King at Buckingham Palace.

Dr. Eyre Chaterton has been consecrated in Calcutta Cathedral as the first Bishop of the newly formed diocese of Nagpur. Nagpur has long been known as a mission centre, and the Free Church of Scotland has done strenuous work in the district for more than thirty years.

St. Mary Abbot's, the parish church of Kensington, has had a prosperous year. Its total income amounted to £16,000, or £22,700 including the district churches attached. This is £200 in excess of the previous year's total. On Easter Day there were no fewer than 2640 communicants at St. Mary's. Under Canon Somerset Pennefather the church has fully maintained the traditions of success won in the time of Archbishop MacLagan and Bishop Carr Glyn.

Canon Alexander has already won great popularity in the Gloucester diocese. His recent course of Lenten



KING EDWARD ENTERING THE PALACE, VALETTA, APRIL 16.

*The quays and streets were lined with soldiers and marines. At the Palace the King was received by the Governor, Sir Mansfield Clarke, with whom he lunched.*

sermons on Practical Christianity brought very large congregations to St. Michael's Church, and he has been asked by a deputation of leading citizens to continue the services next year.

The Church Missionary Society is sending out to Uganda a son of the martyred Bishop Hannington, who has for several years past been a curate at Jesmond

ing during the last ten years. Although the recipe is a secret, the new spirit is known to be neither gin nor whisky; yet it has all their advantages. It is palatable either "neat" or with a mineral water, and competent critics say "there is not a headache in a gallon." The consignment now offered to the public has been maturing for many years in sherry-casks, and is not at all fiery.

## WORCESTER

is one of the most ancient and interesting cities in the Midlands. Lying as it does within one of the most beautiful portions of the Severn Valley, it would seem to be the home of peace and tranquillity, and yet few towns in our island have seen more of the war and turmoil which in times past have devastated our land. The Wars of the Barons, the Wars of the Roses, and the Civil Wars in their turn raged around this devoted City, and the famous Battle of Worcester was fought within its boundaries.

Worcester is now chiefly noted for its beautiful Cathedral. The See was founded in or about A.D. 673, but owing to the opposition of the Bishop of Lichfield its final establishment did not take place till A.D. 780. The first Cathedral, finished in 983, was destroyed by the Danes, but in 1084 Bishop Wulstan began the erection of the first Norman Cathedral, of which the crypt and some other portions remain. This edifice grew by degrees, and although it has passed through many vicissitudes, such as the fall of the tower, conflagrations, destruction worked by time,

it has become the beautiful structure illustrated to-day. From the river it looks especially noble and commanding. The interior is exceedingly rich and beautiful.

A handsome stone bridge, composed of five

Modern Worcester contains so much that is ancient that it is difficult to separate the two. The municipal buildings are worthy of inspection, and the Guildhall is noticeable for statues, on each side of the entrance, of Charles I. and Charles II., and one of Queen Anne above. There are many old houses still remaining, and from one rumour says Charles II. escaped after his defeat by Cromwell in 1651.

The Shire Hall is a handsome stone building in Ionic style, and was erected in 1834-35, the assizes for the city and county being held there. The open space in front is adorned with a fine statue of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Adjoining this is perhaps the most conspicuous and handsome of the modern buildings of Worcester—the City's Jubilee Memorial to this Queen, known as the Victoria Institute. The institution contains the Free Library, Reading and Reference Rooms, Museums, Schools of Art and Science, News Department, &c.

There are many other public buildings—philanthropic, educational, and devoted to amusements—which all show that Worcester is determined to stand in the forefront of provincial cities.



elliptical arches, was erected in 1771-80, since enlarged, and connects Worcester with the suburb of St. John in Redwardine.

Worcester is the home of the well-known Sauce introduced nearly seventy years ago by Messrs. Lea and Perrins.

parish church, Newcastle. Mr. Hannington, in his farewell sermon, took as his subject "Christ's call to the first Apostles," and pleaded earnestly the cause of foreign missions. He appealed for volunteers for the work.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has taken a house at Enfield in a quiet, secluded position, where he will be free from interruption after his heavy labours at the City Temple. V.

A new word compounded of two very old ones, both with a happy significance for mankind, has appeared on the posters and in advertisements. The curious are inquiring what is Felixir, and the frequent phrase "Felixir and Soda" only half resolves the mystery. The truth is that the name is that of a new drink, said to rival even whisky in excellence, which Messrs. Booth, of Booth's Distillery, have been perfecting during the last ten years.

Although the recipe is a secret, the new spirit is known to be neither gin nor whisky; yet it has all their advantages. It is palatable either "neat" or with a mineral water, and competent critics say "there is not a headache in a gallon." The consignment now offered to the public has been maturing for many years in sherry-casks, and is not at all fiery.

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## MUSIC.

A new Polish violinist, Max Wolfthal, gave an afternoon recital on Tuesday, April 21, at the St. James's Hall. He gave evidence of considerable promise. He has admirable skill in technique, admirable taste, and has evidently studied very conscientiously. He began his recital with the Violin Concerto in G of Max Bruch, and later played an Adagio and Fugue in G minor, for the violin alone, of Bach. In this he was excellent. He also gave three violin solos—an Air of Goldmark, a Study of Paganini (the difficulties of which he surmounted easily), and a brilliant, fascinating "Zapateado" of Sarasate. So much was this appreciated that an encore was inevitable. He was assisted in his recital by Mr. Whitney Tew, who sang several songs effectively, more especially a delightful old song of Marcello, "Il mio bel foco," and one of Paesiello, "Nel cor piu non mi sento."

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus gave his third and last concert on Monday, April 20, at which he played with his usual neatness, precision, and graceful touch, the Sonata in B minor of Liszt and the Etude in A minor of Chopin. Chopin was also drawn upon for his Etude in F minor, the one in A flat, and the Waltz in C sharp minor. It was, however, in the Berceuse of Chopin that Herr Backhaus was at his best. Its dreaminess suits his individual and not ultra-vigorous style of playing. He also gave two preludes and fugues of Bach, especially distinguishing himself in the C flat minor one.

On Thursday, April 30, the Royal Choral Society had down for production an important new work composed by Sir



THE QUEST FOR THE MAGNETIC NORTH POLE: CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN'S EXPEDITIONARY SHIP, "GJÖA."

In the "Gjöa" the Norwegian, Captain Amundsen, will shortly sail for the Arctic regions to endeavour to locate the magnetic North Pole. He intends to be absent about four years, and means to steer his course to Greenland, where he will re-establish his first station at Lancaster Bay. The magnetic North Pole, as is well known, is not constant, but variable. It was last definitely located in 1837, and since then no attempt has been made to ascertain its exact position. Captain Amundsen is bearing the brunt of the expense of the present expedition himself, but King Oscar and the Royal Geographical Society are assisting him.

Hubert Parry, and written especially for that society. Its title is "War and Peace," and its composition is in the form of a symphonic ode, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Among the most striking numbers of the new composition are to be found a dirge for the soprano solo and chorus; a "Peace" solo for the tenor; a quartet entitled "Home"; and a war-song for tenors and basses, beginning, "Strike now, slay now! Roar cannon, scream shell," which gives abundant opportunity for orchestral effects.

The musical season is beginning to take shape, and promises the usual amount of activity. Among other items of news there is announced the first appearance of Mr. Philip Newbury, an Australian tenor of favourable reputation, who will make his débüt at the Queen's Hall on May 5. Madame Blanche Marchesi has arranged to give her customary attractive Vocal Recital in the St. James's Hall on May 22, assisted by the pianist, Mr. Archie Rosenthal. Madile Giulia Ravagli will give an Orchestral Concert at the St. James's Hall on Monday evening, May 18.—M. I. H.

V.C. is the striking title of a new weekly paper devoted, as its cover announces, to "the brighter side of life." It is edited by Mr. Harold Begbie, who gave the British sailor a name that at once secured a popularity such as we heartily wish the new venture. "B.-P." tells of the bravest deed he ever saw, and Mr. Robert Barr begins a thrilling romance. The Editor contributes a ballad of the Victoria Cross, with music by Alicia Needham. The price is the magic penny.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1902), with a codicil (dated Feb. 17, 1903), of Mr. William Hatton, of Richmond House, Higher Broughton, who died on Feb. 25, has been proved by the Rev. James Joseph Burrow and William Lamb Hockin, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £294,876. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his sister Mary Hatton; £1000 each to his executors; £6980 stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway to the Salford Royal Hospital; £5000 each to James, Peter, and William Miller; £2000 to the Vicar of Hartford, Cheshire, in trust, as to one third each for the Curates' Fund, the poor, and for keeping in repair the churchyard; three hundred £100 stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway and forty £100 stock of the North British Railway, in trust, for his brother Robert Leigh Wood Hatton for life, and then for his nephew Piers James Hatton; other railway stock to his nephews, Piers James Hatton, Leonard Ernest Hatton, Arthur Hatton, Nigel Hatton, and Hubert Hatton; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds thereof to his nephew Piers James and one third to his nephew Leonard Ernest.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 5, 1903), of the Rev. Canon Frederick Parr Phillips, of the Manor House, Stoke d'Abernon, and 22, Hans Mansions, Chelsea, who died on March 17, was proved on April 16 by Frederick Abbiss Phillips, the son, the



A PRESENTATION CASKET.

Lord Overton of Overton was recently presented with the freedom of the ancient Burgh of Dumbarton, his burgess ticket being enclosed in the casket illustrated above. Views of the Municipal Buildings of Dumbarton, besides Dumbarton Castle and Lord Overton's residence in coloured enamel, adorn the front. Both design and manufacture were entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 122, Regent Street, London, W.

sole executor, the value of the estate being £181,518. The testator bequeaths £200, in trust, for keeping in repair the Chantry and the memorials to his family in the Parish Church, Stoke d'Abernon; £100 each to his grandchildren Noel McGregor Phillips and Norah Logan Phillips; and a few small legacies and annuities to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated June 23, 1902) of Mr. John Pickop, of Winston, Blackburn, who died on March 4, was proved on April 20 by the Rev. James Pickop, the cousin, and John Talbot, the value of the estate being £174,354. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to the Blackburn and East Lancashire Infirmary, the Blackburn Ragged School, and the Wilpshire Orphanage; £3000 each to his cousins, Mary Jane Crampton and Elizabeth Margaret Bramley; £2000 each to the children of Mrs. Ann Fisher; £500 each to Mary Cook, Betsy Heavside, James Preston, and John Talbot; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the Rev. James Pickop.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1900) of Mr. John Henry Hargreaves, of Thorleigh, Bolton, who died on Jan. 8, has been proved by Tertius Hargreaves and Harman Hargreaves, the sons, and William Brindle, the executors, the value of the estate being £124,937. Subject to legacies of £100 each to his sons and William Brindle, he leaves all his property, in trust, for his sons on their respectively attaining twenty-five

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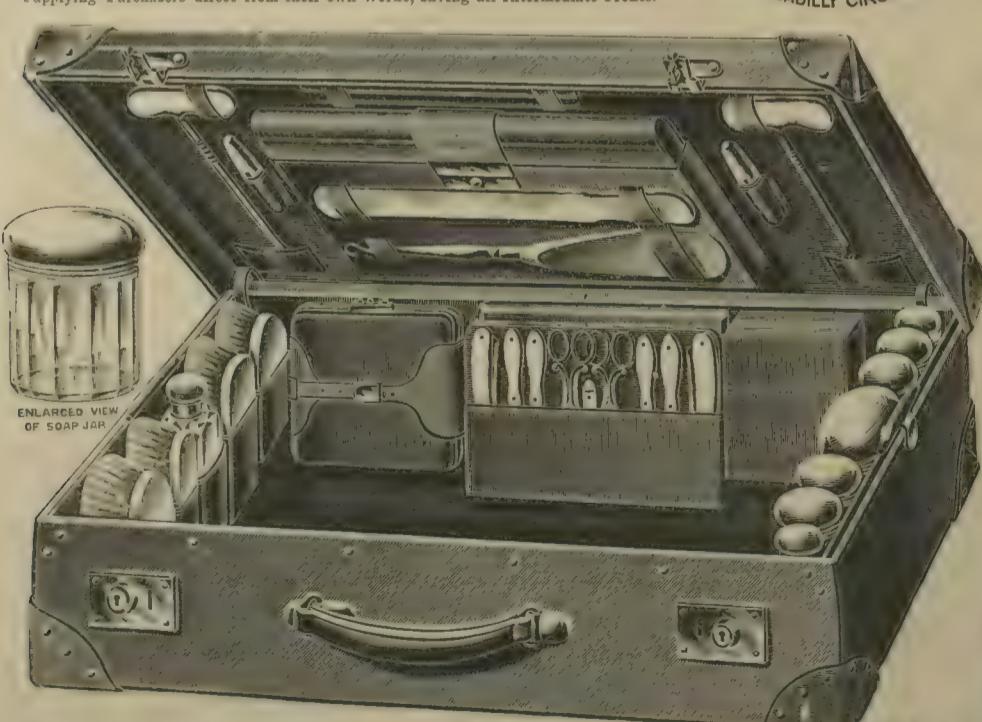
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The world seemed full of useless chumps.  
His clothes and things were not in place;  
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years of age. The testator states that he has provided for his wife and daughter by settlement.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1899) of Mr. Robert Aspland Marillier, J.P., D.L., of Wellswood Hall, Torquay, and Holbeck Hurst, Scarborough, who died on Feb. 12, has been proved by Mrs. Emma Marillier, the widow, and Charles Alfred Goodricke, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £98,248. The testator bequeaths £6300 to his wife; £300 to Charles Alfred Goodricke; £1000 to his cousin, Caroline Morrison; and £200 per annum during the life of his wife to his stepdaughter, Emma Louise Robinson. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and on her decease as to two thirds thereof as she shall appoint to Emma Louise Robinson and her issue, and one third as she shall appoint to anyone except any future husband and his family.

Among interesting celebrations of Shakspere's reputed birthday the Commemoration Dinner of the London Shakspere League at the Criterion Restaurant

was one of the most enjoyable. Dr. Furnivall presided and proposed the toast "in honour of Shakspere." By chronological study of the dramatist, the eminent commentator remarked, one realised his charm, and all suggestion of Bacon dropped. The following evening Mr. T. Fairman Ordish gave a lecture on "Shakspere and London" at a joint gathering of the London Topographical Society and the London Shakspere League at The Theatre, Burlington Gardens. Dr. Furnivall was in the chair, and spoke of the special objects of the Shakspere League being to arouse interest in Shakspere among school children.

Chigwell, beloved of Dickens, "the greatest place in the world," he wrote in an enthusiastic moment to Forster, has been reached at last by the iron horse, and on April 27 the officials of the Great Eastern Railway and their friends made a trial run along the new line from Ilford to Woodford and Chigwell. The public service of trains began with May, and all lovers of the picturesque in English rural landscape will welcome this new and easy means of access to the beauties of Epping Forest.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

The conspicuous thing at the New Gallery this year is the absence of Mr. Sargent. That is not a very gay beginning of a notice which is naturally concerned with what is, not with what is not. Yet when one remembers the long series of Sargents which signalled to us from these walls, the "Mrs. Hammersley," and the "Ian Hamilton" of the past down to the group of Wertheimer children of last year, one becomes acutely conscious of disappointment in passing through the three rooms, now covered with canvases that, with one or two exceptions, are anything but alert. Of the portraits exhibited the most arresting is Signor Boldini's presentment of Mr. Whistler and of Mr. Whistler's hat—especially of Mr. Whistler's hat. This is a portrait of emotion. The vitality of the face, likeness or no likeness, over-spreads to the thin, sinuous hand that partly covers it; and the composition, with its strange effect of sloping floor and the slipping chair, so placed that the sitter half clings to it, half slides from it, keeps the canvas all in motion. Black predominates in this picture of tragedy; the broad mourning-band on the hat is hardly

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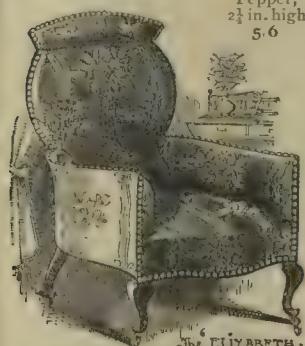
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Pepper, 2 1/2 in. high, 5 6  
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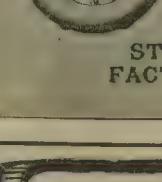
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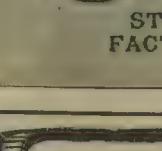
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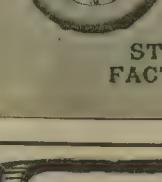
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an accent; and nowhere here is the black of Boldini either aggressive or heavy. The lankiness that marks Signor Boldini's portraits of women is not wholly avoided here. This elongation is, of course, effective, and has been commonly employed by masters; but Signor Boldini carries it to extremes.

In the same room a place of honour is given to Mr. Lavery's "Spring," a large canvas, yet a slight and a light one. It is a portrait-study of a girl in white with an armful of blossom. Here, at any rate, is charm—due in part to the spontaneous buoyancy of the figure. The dirty blackness which disfigures so many of this clever artist's works here interferes with even the modelling of the face. If Mr. Lavery were as clean a painter as he is an accomplished one in all other respects, we might rank him in the first half-dozen of our living portraitists. In another room the same artist exhibits a seated portrait of "Miss Idonia la Primaudaye." The general tone is well observed; but here, too, the greyness of the flesh, even when it is a silver greyness, belongs rather to death than to life.

Mr. Shannon, A.R.A., whose faithfulness to the New Gallery is no doubt agreeable to sitters, all of whom cannot be admitted to Burlington House under the most hospitable of its rules, exhibits three portraits. That of the Baroness de Meyer shows an expanse of drapery, not interesting in drawing nor wholly free from the reproach of a crudeness of tone. There is a

trickiness about the delineation of the mouth which Mr. Shannon must beware lest he slides into as a mannerism. In the North Room Mr. Shannon's "Miss Penelope Lawrence" restores us to better terms with an artist whose draughtsmanship is often masterly, but whose chase after sentimental charm sometimes leads him astray. Miss Lawrence was evidently a sitter who had no desire for the adventitious advantages of a fashionable tint of hair; and when Mr. Shannon is most of all himself, painting his sitter as he sees him, he is at his best. We seem to get him nearer to a compliance with these conditions in his Baron de Meyer portrait. The costume, no less than the treatment of the hair, gives the sitter, at first glance, the effeminate air that appears in many of the canvases of the Venetians. The face is effective, and the hint of a Reynolds manner is not unwelcome in it. All the same, we may expect to see some much better work from Mr. Shannon a little later at Burlington House.

Among landscapes, Mr. Alfred East's "The Miller's Meadow" has its delicate passages of sky, also its beautiful trees, which seem to be contradicted by a foreground barren of charm or artfulness. Near at hand is Mr. George Wetherbee's "A Wave from the Dawn," showing a girl's spritely figure riding erect on the incoming wave of a shadowy sea. The dawn behind yields a passage of real delight, and the hints of light, hardly more, which glorify the figure are instinct with

an unobvious beauty. Mr. Peppercorn's solitary contribution, "Evening," needs more than a hasty attention. At first sight the size of the canvas seems rather large for the quality of the paint upon it; the richness of the technique is lost when presented on so large a scale; and an artist so distinguished as Mr. Peppercorn should husband, not squander, his resources. But he who looks long enough, and at a proper distance, will better comprehend the perspective of the sky, and be taken by its singular beauty. Mr. Stott sends two small pictures. "Maternity" shows a cottage garden in evening effects, most observingly valued, of a light which Mr. Stott has by heart. A woman is seated in the garden with a child; but the figures are secondary to the scene, though they supply the canvas with its title. Another late evening effect is shown in "The Team," which is another success in rendering the general beauty of evening, even if passages here and there are less than convincingly true.

A more strenuous brush, but one which is capable of beauty, is that of Mr. Adrian Stokes, whose principal contribution is "Mountain Meadows"—mountain-tops visited by great clouds, not to be confounded with mountain mists. The atmosphere is of the cleanest possible daylight; the flowers in the foreground, though never garish, help the picture's brightness; and the action of the figures at work in the fields is particularly well suggested.

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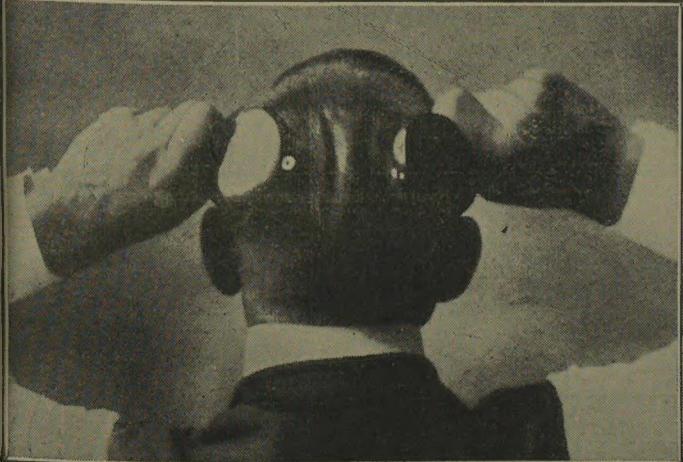
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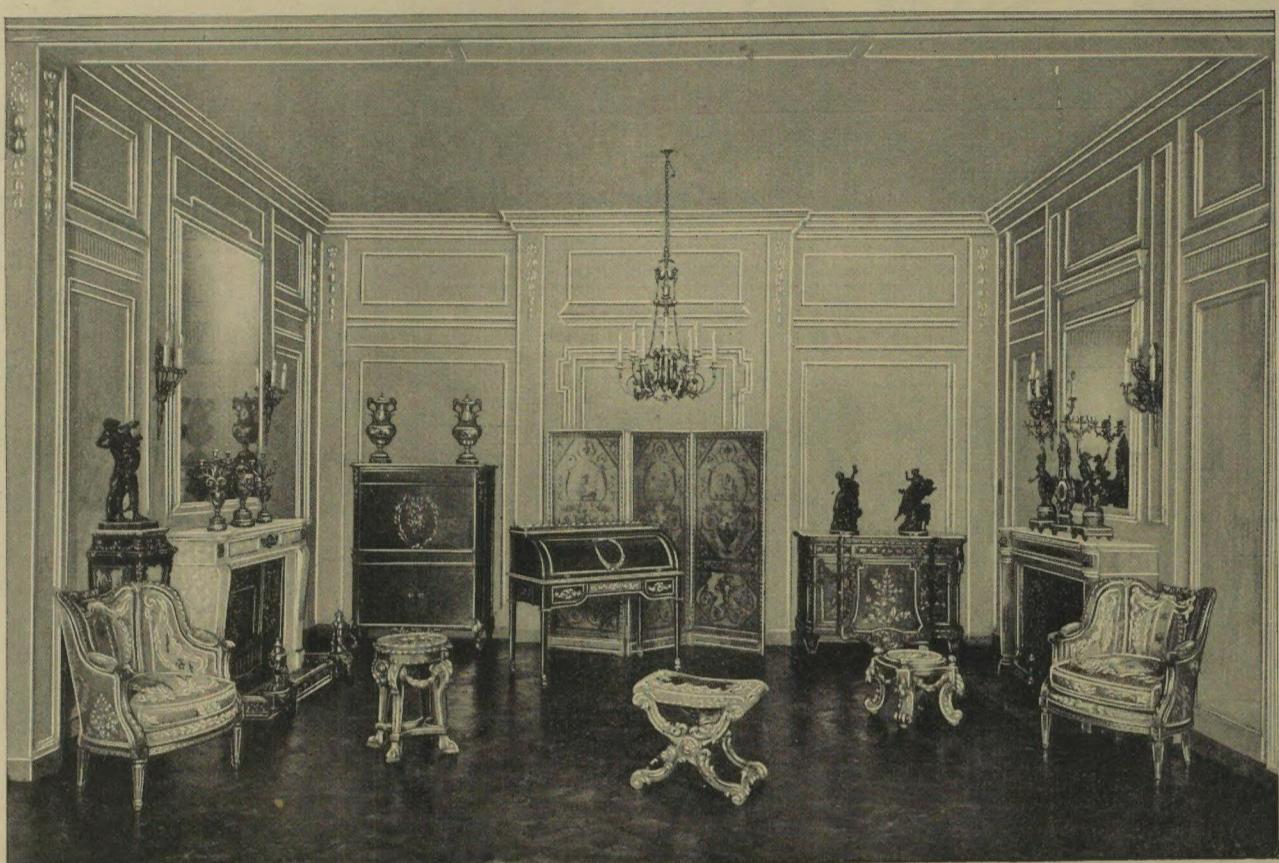
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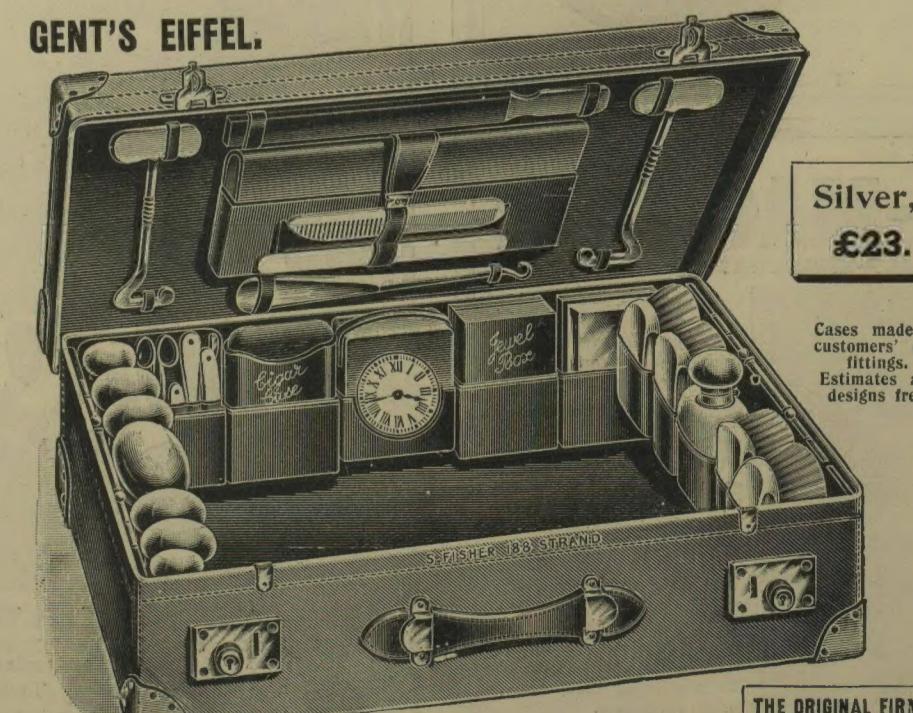
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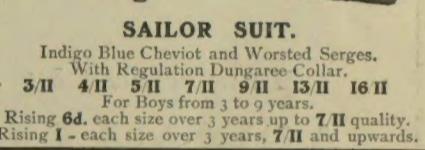
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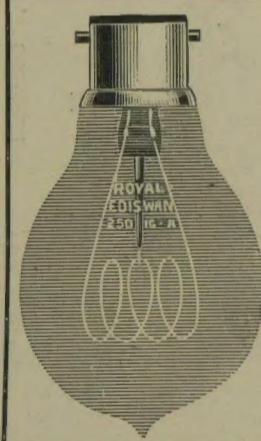
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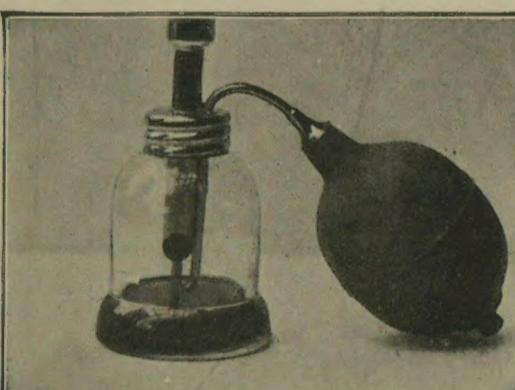


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